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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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AND COMMENT

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THE JEWEL BOX

Part I THE CAMEO BROOCH

IT stood on the mahogany highboy in grandmother's room, where toying fingers of moonlight showed it a faded, softly luminous thing of the same pale gray as the hair of the old lady asleep in the canopied bed. But to grandmother and her widowed daughter and the four sweet, blossoming granddaughters that little silver jewel box stood for much more than its modest value, for locked within it were all the romance and chivalry of a brave old age and a brave old name.

Hillslope was a household of women. All that was left of the sweeping farm of Grandfather Murry's time was a lush ragged pasture—velvet in spring with wild pansies, gorgeous in summer with the pagan red of Indian paintbrushes—where two sleek horses and a Jersey cow grazed indolently all day. That and an unpruned, wildly beautiful old orchard, a fragrant place in autumn where even during neglect the old trees bore their smattering of red apples. In the midst of all the widow's weeds of an old farm lacking a husbandman stood Hillslope, white and gabled and tall and so greenly bowered with trees and great lilacs and roses that the highway below with its passers-by was an indistinct pageant glimpsed through glimmering boughs.

Chloe, the second granddaughter, was on the long veranda one hazy lilac morning in early September. Looking up from the path, you might have seen her, slender and tall with the sloping shoulders and the long lovely throat of some old daguerreotype, with small red mouth and abundant waving chestnut hair that in spite of her slim modern one-piece frock made of her an old-fashioned beauty.

The rest of the Murrys were grouped on the lawn below the porch. "I hate to leave you all day like this," Mrs. Murry was saying. "Nothing in the house to eat except bread and butter—I wish you'd come with us, Chloe."

Linnet, the youngest, laughed with elfish banter. "See, Chloe," she said

teasingly, "mother's afraid you'll starve. She knows you wouldn't lift a hand to prevent it."

Chloe smiled serenely at the implied criticism. "Don't you worry," she assured the group; "I'll dine royally on an egg boiled in the teakettle and a cup of cocoa. I'd love to go into town with the rest of you, but the swallows are flocking. Today's almost my last chance at a snapshot for my article on migratory birds. I've got to stick to business."

"We-ell," agreed Mrs. Murry reluctantly and turned with the rest of the little group toward the taxicab waiting at the gate to carry them away for a day's shopping in town. "We-ell, if you must, but I wish there were cold meat or cake or something."

The girls laughed, Chloe with them. Only the trim little grandmother in gray silk and shrouding gray veil looked regretfully back at the tall girl on the porch. "Chloe is the living picture of her Great-Grandmother Hampton," she said with a shake of her brisk little head, "but she's as unlike in her ways as she's like in looks. Mother gloried in her household, her fine needlework and her lavender sheets and ribbon cake. I've always hoped Chloe had a streak of that in her somewhere. She is so like, and yet—" The little old lady's mouth puckered in a rueful smile. "I guess there's not much hope when we all hate to leave her alone for fear she won't cook herself a decent meal."

"But Chloe's doing so well with her work,"



"They are in our house," thought the girl



Mrs. Murry pointed out. "We mustn't blame her for not taking to housekeeping."

"Oh, no," agreed grandmother. "Nobody's blaming her, only she has the look of a lovely old-fashioned housewife. It's a pity she hasn't the turn to go with her looks."

Chloe, who was in a bit of a hurry to be off to her business of the day, waved her family away, and as soon as they were gone swung her camera across her shoulders and set out in search of the coveted photograph. As she had said, the swallows were flocking. Down across the orchard you could see them curving and wheeling in droves, and the weathered old barn was astir with the darting prong-tailed little emigrants so willingly moving out at the call of the season. There was something to bring a bit of a catch in the throat about the finality of it all; it seemed to mark so remorselessly the wane of another summer, a bright, full summer for Chloe Murry. For until this year Chloe had been only "one of the Murry girls," popular, well loved as one of the clan, but lacking the marked individuality that her new work had given her.

So far as that went no two of the Murrys were alike,—people had always remarked the fact,—but Chloe alone of all of them had always rebelled a little at being one of four sisters so near of an age. "It's almost as bad as twins," she was wont to say. "Four bungalow aprons on the line; four spring hats to buy; four beaux in the living room."

By
Gertrude
West



Dearly as she loved her sisters she was never so eager as the rest to attend local affairs "in a body," and, unlike the rest, she found that her share of the household tasks irked her dreadfully. She was not one to shirk, and so she did her part briskly and scrupulously, but with a little distasteful droop to her mouth when her slim fingers were spurning the sudsy dishwater or wielding a broom. She had never tried to cook. Not until this summer, with her appointment to the correspondence staff of a city newspaper, had she felt that at last she had found her own particular place.

As she sat today on an old fence with her camera ready, waiting patiently for the

dipping battalions of swallows to group themselves to her liking, her slim absorbed figure in its nut-brown dress among the scarlet sumacs of the old fence row fitted in softly with the warm coloring of the languorous day. Behind her now and then the old orchard was dropping a yellow leaf through the haze-blurred sunshine. The apples were tingeing faintly, and great clumps of goldenrod as high as her head flared and plumed against the riotous undergrowth of the old farm. All over the prairie, hazy red against the hazy blue of the sky, drifted lazy columns of autumn fires; the air was pungent with brush smoke and the ranker, more acrid smell of old straw stacks burning.

"I wouldn't trade this for forty days in town," mused Chloe. "Four walls with the endless dusting and cooking and sewing that go on inside them seem so little!"

The morning waned with the leisurely content of a September day. Chloe, smiling in remembrance of her sisters' banter, boiled the promised egg and made cocoa on the oil stove. Those things with bread and butter from the pantry made up her luncheon. After noon she went out once again to wait for a chance at one more photograph, and the long sunlight was slanting almost level when she returned to the house.

"The folks will be here soon," she

thought and added with a whimsical smile: "I suppose I'd best start the kitchen fire. Of course I really ought to have supper ready when they come, but I don't know where to begin."

As she was putting away her camera and her notebook, feeling as she did so that she was putting the seal on a worth-while, unhampered day, Annabel Lee, the gentle shepherd dog, suddenly bayed out from her watching place on the porch, and Chloe, peering forth, saw a strange little group approaching the house. At first the girl took them to be negroes, but after a moment she knew that the impression came only from a sooty grime that streaked the faces of all of them. There were a stoop-shouldered man, two worn-looking women and a bevy of children.

With some slight trepidation Chloe answered the man's knock. A closer view showed the group shrinking, timid and weary; two of the children were sniffing forlornly. The man raised his eyes to her apologetically. "We ain't footpads, ma'am, as you might take us to be," he said. "We've only happened to hard luck and lost our wagon with everything in it. My sister"—he indicated the thinner of the two women—"ain't well; she's been chillin'; and my wife's beat out. Would you mind if they sit here on your porch till I go back and take a look for our team?"

With a gracious, wide-flung gesture that was surprising to herself the girl threw open the door. She had met distress often, but distress dependent for aid wholly upon her ministering hands had never come her way before. It stirred something new and unfamiliar within her. "Come in; come in," she urged hospitably. "You look ready to fall." And she led them into the clean sweet spaciousness of her mother's house. "Sit down, all of you, and rest."

The children clustered bashfully on the floor, and the two women dropped gratefully into the comfortable chairs that the girl proffered. One leaned back wearily with a little sigh and let her gingham sunbonnet fall from her head; the other shivered and pulled an old shawl tighter round her. "You must think we're a queer outfit," the first woman said tonelessly, going on with her husband's interrupted explanation, "but we're movers goin' down to Stone County—or was. Likely you've seen the fires all about today. It's powerful dry. Back a ways up the road—you most likely know the place—there's a jut o' timber comes up close to the road on both sides?" The woman paused, and Chloe nodded.

"It was all ablaze, the timber, when we came to it," continued the discouraged voice, "but my man 'lowed we could make it through. Land, but the smoke was awful! Sparks and red cinders kept flyin' onto the wagon cover, but then canvas ain't an easy thing for fire to take hold on. We would have made it through all right if a cinder hadn't got down among the beddin'. The whole works was ablaze before we knew it. The team took fright, and my man unhooked, but he couldn't hold 'em. We tried for a little while to whip out the fire and save our truck, but we couldn't. Finally we had to run for it."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Chloe. "But you're all safe and in shelter, and mother will be home presently. I know she can help you plan and arrange things. Mother's so helpful," declared the girl, speaking from the depths of her heart, "and my little grandmother too! Together I'm sure they'll find a way to help you out."

One of the children, a grimy little six-year-old, began to whimper again just then that he was hungry, and Chloe started up. "There's bread and butter—" she began and stopped. She had realized suddenly that these people, all of them, were probably hungry—a gnawing weakening hunger perhaps that only hot reviving food could satisfy. "They are in our house," thought the girl with a sudden rush of loyalty and pride in her home, pride that she had never known she possessed. "No one has ever been turned away from these doors without being warmed and rested and fed!"

Resolutely and with a little feeling of zest Chloe hurried toward the kitchen. There were certain fundamentals that no child of Mrs. Murry's could grow up without unconsciously imbibing. Chloe knew how potatoes are boiled and mashed and, vaguely, what kinds of seasoning they require, though the amount was a matter of conjecture. "Fiddlesticks!" she said to herself as she briskly tied on an apron. "A little common sense

can accomplish wonders." And she fell deftly to work. She might have been her own great-grandmother as she bent absorbed over the steaming kettle, painstakingly tasting and adding a pinch more of this and that. Then meat—"There must be meat for these hearty hungry people," she decided, and she felt a hitherto unknown thrill as the pink slices of ham fell away from her sharp knife.

There was more to the game than she had dreamed. But she had the good sense not to attempt anything except the simplest of edibles, and the substantial meal of ham and eggs, mashed potatoes and coffee that she set before her guests was nicely prepared and neatly served.

The girl had forgotten to listen for the whir of the taxicab bringing her returning family. For the first time she knew the pleasure of feeding a hungry child. She had never imagined that little folks could possibly stretch their small stomachs to encompass such a quantity of food or that there could be such a vast satisfaction in watching the feat. And though Chloe herself was the soul of daintiness, somehow the greasy little fingers and buttery little mouths did not repel her. And the women too! She saw them drain their cups of the warming drink that she had

provided and rise from the table with faces vastly more hopeful and serene, as if the food set before them had brought their very courage back.

"Why," thought the girl in startled realization, "it isn't just a humdrum after all, cooking and dishwashing and keeping a house! I always have known that it was something that had to be done, but it never once entered my head until now that it was something you might have joy in doing!"

Chloe was making up beds in the guest rooms when the rest of her household arrived. Mrs. Murry, bursting into the hall, all solicitude for a supperless daughter and chattering regretfully of a late start and of car trouble, stopped stock-still at the doorway, thinking for the moment that she was seeing Grandmother Hampton coming down the hall. The girls, crowding behind their mother, uttered various exclamations of astonishment at sight of a serenely busy Chloe with her arms piled high with freshly laundered sheets and pillowcases and her face looking calm and housewifely above the linen.

Only grandmother, with a little catch of her breath, hurried past the group at the door, slipping off gloves, bonnet and veil as she went. "We have guests?" she asked Chloe

eagerly and added with a broken little chuckle: "Dear, dear, for a minute I thought we were back in Civil War times and there were troops to quarter."

An hour later when the unfortunate visitors, somehow vaguely cheered, had been tucked away in their clean white beds the Murrys came together in the living room. The girls were a little wondering and silent as they watched the serene Chloe, who seemed suddenly to have settled into a rôle so fitting and yet so unlike herself. But grandmother's wrinkled old face showed elation. "Bring me the jewel box, Linnet, please," she said impressively, and when Linnet, eager and curious, had placed the box in her grandmother's hands, the old lady opened it as if she were performing a solemn ceremony.

Fondly she lifted out Great-Grandmother Hampton's beautiful old-fashioned brooch. "I had always hoped you had a bit of your great-grandmother in you, Chloe," she said soberly. "I didn't see how your face could be so like and every trait so different. Well, I am satisfied. The most famous housewife of '61 has left a bit of her knack to you after all. Lean down, deary." And the fragile, unsteady fingers fastened the rare old cameo brooch beneath the lovely cameo face.

DRAWING BY
EMLEN MCCONNELL



Chapter Two

Ralph as a gentleman of leisure

ON Sunday morning Ralph woke up at seven o'clock and felt annoyed with himself for doing so. He tried to go to sleep again, but failed, and at half past eight he rose languidly, dressed and went down to breakfast. The other members of the family had finished, and the remains of their breakfast had not yet been cleared away. Ralph was disposed to complain first because they had not waited for him and second because they had left the table in such a mess; but a yawn intercepted his utterance, and when it had passed the effort of complaint seemed hardly worth while. He observed, however, that the oatmeal had acquired from long exposure an unappetizing film, and he knew that the scrambled eggs awaiting him were cold. Really, he thought, his family might treat him with more consideration on the one morning of the week when he might have a decent breakfast.

He felt as if the dull vista of the workingman stretched before him interminably.

The other members of the family were sitting on the veranda when Ralph made his appearance. "Have you heard any news this morning?" he asked.

"Nothing very good," replied his father.

"The Germans are still going ahead."

"Anything about our division?"

"Nothing special."

"I wish I were in it. This business of being a chore boy when you want to be a soldier—"

"You'd find if you enlisted that you'd be doing nothing but chores all the time," replied his father.

"There'd be some purpose to them then."

"The government doesn't need or want boys of seventeen. In another year or two if you study hard, you'll be of far more use to the government than you can possibly be now."

"The war may be over in another year."

"That's a chance that you've got to take."

"I don't feel as if I could look Stuart in the face if I don't get into uniform before the end! I wish—"

"Here's something that will keep you quiet and let the rest of us read in peace," said Stella; she passed a magazine over to him.

Ralph accepted it with a snort of indignation, but nevertheless gave it his immediate attention. He was still immersed in his reading when the other members of the family made

RALPH ILLINSON

By 

Arthur Stanwood

Pier

"Ralph! Ralph!" It was the cook

ready to go to church. To his mother's question, "Are you coming with us, Ralph?" he replied languidly:

"No, I guess not this morning."

Neither she nor his father chose to urge him; nevertheless he felt relieved when he heard the gate click and knew that he was left peacefully at home.

He stretched himself out in the hammock on the veranda, squirmed and fussed with pillows, and when at last he had made himself comfortable he sighed, "This is the life!" He had closed his eyes and was preparing to recover some of the sleep of which his early rising on the preceding day had deprived him when the gate clicked again and a voice called, "Hi, there, Ralph!"

Ralph started up with a jerk. "Phil Allen! What in the world—"

In his amazement at the apparition he slowly vacated the hammock, and Phil deftly seized the opportunity to occupy it.

"I blew in last night," Phil said; he lay on his back with one knee cocked up over the other; and Ralph, seeing that there was no room for him beside that bulky body, quietly took a chair. "They wouldn't have me after all. Decided I was too young. Say, it made me sore!"

"I'll bet it did!" said Ralph. "After you'd gone all the way down there thinking it would be all right! It was a dirty trick to turn you down."

"Well, they said at first they'd expected to let fellows my age go to officers' training camps, but they'd decided against it. I guess the officials are always changing their minds. The man I talked with was mighty nice about it, I'll say that for him. He advised me to go to college next fall and try to find some sort of work this summer. So I suppose it's me for the farm."

"It is a kind of a letdown, isn't it?" Secretly Ralph could not help feeling rather complacent over his friend's misfortune. He had been bitterly envious when Phil by virtue of being a year older than himself had seemed in a fair way to get not merely into military service but into an officer's uniform; and it was now a satisfaction to learn that Phil was not to have such prestige. Ralph even had an advantage that enabled him to swagger a little. He said complacently, "I'm lucky enough to have landed a job; I can feel now that I'm doing my bit. I guess you won't have much trouble in getting into the game."

"What kind of a job have you got?" asked Phil, looking at him with suspicion.

"Something in the agricultural line. Growing corn, beans, potatoes,—all that kind of thing,—for a guy up on the hill."

"Got a regular farm to look after?"

"Not that exactly. It's a big vegetable garden."

"That all you do? Work in a vegetable garden?"

"There are other things I'm supposed to do about the place," admitted Ralph. "Mowing the lawn and picking up the driveway, and so on."

"Any work in the house too?"

"A little."

"What? Blacking the guy's boots, and all that kind of thing?"

"Uh-huh."

"You're nothing but a chore boy then."

"I don't spend much time on the guy's boots, you can bet your life," said Ralph irritably. "I'm going to let him see I'm no ordinary chore boy."

Phil laughed unsympathetically. "That was a great bluff you tried to put over. Trying to make me think you were a kind of foreman of a ranch, and when I look into it I find you're a kind of a bootblack!"

"Just the same it's a regular war job," declared Ralph. "People on the hill have got to live the same as the rest of us, and if I grow food for them and perhaps something over I guess I'm doing my bit all right."

"Say, it would be quite a comedown for me to take a job like that," observed Phil.

"I don't know why for you any more than for me."

"Sure it would be—after thinking I was going to be an army officer in three months! And then to come down to blacking some guy's boots! Why, Ralph, there's no contrast like that in your life."

"I suppose you think I've been brought up to be a bootblack."

"I never saw any shine on your shoes that would make me think that," said Phil. "I'm not proud myself. No use in being proud when you're not in uniform. I'd just as soon take a job like yours. I think I'll go up on the hill this afternoon and hunt for one."

"It would be great if you could get one so that we could be near each other," said Ralph, now quite mollified.

"Of course if I didn't want to get into college in the fall,—and that means I'll have to study in the evenings,—I'd go and work in a shipyard or out on a farm," said Phil. "I'd

try to do something that was the real thing, not just chores. But I couldn't do that and keep up my studies too."

"My work's the real thing all right," asserted Ralph; he did not like to have it disparaged. "Besides in my family it isn't as it is in yours, where there's nobody in the service. With Stuart over there I feel it's my duty to stay at home with the family. Of course you don't need to feel that way."

"Huh!" said Phil. "If you belonged to my father, I bet he'd pay you money to hire yourself out away from home."

Ralph felt that his own subtle and intelligent wit was too good to be wasted in further encounter with his friend's crude humor.

Yet even though Ralph found Phil irritating at times, especially irritating by reason of his obvious feeling that superiority in age conferred upon him superiority in every way, he was pleased as well as astonished to learn that Sunday afternoon that his friend had succeeded in getting a job on the place adjoining Mr. Woodbury's. Phil stopped in on his way home to tell him about it.

"I walked up just as the old man drove into his garage," said Phil. "He owns a peach of a car. Say, it's just the kind I want to own sometime. What kind does the fellow you work for run?"

"Oh, just a flivver," said Ralph.

"That's funny; living in such a nice place, you'd think he'd have more of a car. I was certainly in luck. The old fellow told me his gardener had just today made up his mind to enlist in the navy, and he wants me to come round tomorrow and show whether I'm able to hold down the job or not. He seemed to feel doubtful on account of my age, but I told him that his neighbor had a fellow a year younger and not half so strong—"

"Ah, go on," said Ralph. "Cut out the funny stuff."

"Straight goods, nothing funny about it. He told me that he and his family are all going to the seashore week after next to stay the rest of the summer; and he wants to feel he's leaving the place in charge of a responsible person."

"What a snap!" exclaimed Ralph enviously. "The Woodburys are going to stay all the summer. That's just my luck! Why shouldn't I have got that other job instead of you?"

"Why should you want it?" demanded Phil. "Just so you could loaf when the folks are away?"

"Oh, I guess you won't work any too hard there."

"I bet I'll do an honest day's work wherever they are," said Phil aggressively.

"Well, you bet I earn every dollar that's coming to me, and you needn't think I don't," retorted Ralph. "But it makes me tired to think of the cinch you'll have. Why, you won't have to black boots, or carry up coal for the cook, or—Oh, it makes me sick that you should have such luck! Say, I wonder why the Woodburys aren't going away for the summer. They must be rich enough."

"Maybe they've bought so many Liberty bonds and subscribed so much to the Red Cross they can't afford to," suggested Phil. "Father says a good many people are staying at home on that account."

"I guess then the people you're going to work for must be slackers; I'm glad I'm not going to work for a slacker," said Ralph virtuously.

"Talk on," said Phil. "They've not got a slacker for gardener anyway; I'll bet I'll grow more potatoes than you will."

"I'd cut off my right hand rather than grow food for slackers," replied Ralph. "All right; I'll call for you at a quarter of seven in the morning," said Phil.

He was punctual and dragged Ralph away, protesting, from a half-eaten breakfast.

"Got to make a good start," said Phil inexorably. "It won't do for us to be late the first day."

"It's not my first day," grumbled Ralph.

"Well, it's the first day of the week. We've got to step along lively."

They turned from their pleasant suburban street into one not quite so pleasant, a street of wooden three-deckers built symmetrically in pairs, with a small open space separating the pairs from each other. Out of one of these cheerless dwellings emerged a stalwart if overgrown youth in overalls and a leather apron; as he approached, Phil muttered to Ralph, "It's that lobster, Jim Sneed."



Nelly gave a critical glance at the two pairs of shoes

The person thus unfavorably designated was of about Phil's age; he gave the two boys an unfriendly stare as he drew near. He was chewing a substance that proved to be tobacco, for when he stopped to accost Ralph and Phil the first thing he did was to squirt a stream of unmistakable color into the gutter. Having performed this formidable act, he fixed his heavy visage and hard blue eyes upon them and said sneeringly:

"Off together to do your bit, eh?"

"Might we suppose the same about you?" asked Phil.

Sneed spat again. "I'm doing a man's work, not a boy's. I'm driving a wagon for Schnecker's brewery."

"Some job," said Ralph politely.

"You bet. Handling a four-horse team, rustling beer kegs—you bet it's some job. Where you fellows working?"

"Up on the hill, gardening," said Ralph.

"Gardening—huh!" Sneed's tone was contemptuous. "I bet I earn twice what you do." He spat again and strode on.

"The big stiff!" exclaimed Ralph.

"He flunked all his exams at the high school," said Phil, with satisfaction. "He won't be going back there next term; that's something for you fellows that are going back to be thankful for."

"He's a regular bully all right," remarked Ralph, who had suffered in the past from Sneed's mean aggressions. "I wish a beer keg would roll on him."

"I bet that no matter how much he earns he doesn't buy a Liberty bond or even a War Savings stamp," said Phil.

"Why didn't you say that to him?"

"I wish I had. Working for a brewery in these days and being proud of it! Wouldn't it make you sick?"

"Well," said Ralph, "it's no more than what you might expect of Sneed."

With such sympathetic conversation they

"Gardening—huh!"



beguiled the few minutes' walk up the hill. At the Woodburys' driveway they separated; and Ralph entered the Woodbury kitchen in the cheerful and satisfied frame of mind normal to one who has just given adequate expression to feelings of disgust and contempt.

The cook greeted him with a sour look and the remark, "And where were you yesterday, I'd like to know?"

"I don't have to come on Sundays," Ralph said, but with a sudden lack of assurance in his voice.

"You don't, hey? I suppose you think Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury don't need their shoes shined on Sunday? I suppose you think it's my job to freeze the Sunday ice cream? I suppose you think there's no need to bring up coal from the cellar for a fire in the stove on Sunday? Say, Nelly,"—she turned to the smart-looking maid, who likewise was gazing at Ralph disapprovingly,—"*what do you think? Have we got a gentleman of leisure working for us?*"

"Don't keep him from the shoes, for Pete's sake," said Nelly. "He's slow enough with them as it is."

"He's got to bring me my coal before he touches the shoes," retorted the cook.

With a heart well-nigh bursting with indignation Ralph seized the coal scuttle and descended into the cellar. He shoveled coal viciously, and then after delivering it to the abhorrent cook he took up a position on the cellar stairs and proceeded to shine Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury's shoes with an almost demonic fury. He gritted his teeth while he plied the brush. No, he wouldn't stand it; he positively would not stand it. It wasn't right that any fellow should be subjected to such ignominious, indecent treatment. To be bossed about by an ignorant cook! He would have an understanding with Mr. Woodbury about that; it was not to be borne. And Sunday! Must he actually get up at the same hour on Sunday as on other days? Intolerable thought! And must he make a second visit on Sunday in order to freeze the ice cream, in order to do a menial service for the cook that it was certainly her duty to perform? Again he gritted his teeth. And, sharpest pang of all, he thought of Phil, free from serfdom such as his, with his Sundays all his own, to lie in bed and snooze.

"It's gall and wormwood, that's what it is," he muttered to himself, and, though he didn't really know what either gall or wormwood was, the expression satisfied him, and he spat on the dauber and breathed on the shoe and polished vigorously again.

Nelly gave a critical glance at the two pairs of shoes when he emerged from the cellar with them.

"That's better," she remarked crisply.

Ralph tried to show as he walked out of the kitchen that he was as disdainful of praise as of blame.

He stood in the garage for a moment trying to decide whether he should go to work in the garden at once or wait round until Mr. Woodbury came out and then demand relief from the abominable tyranny under which he

suffered. It occurred to him that, if he sought an interview, his employer might take the opportunity to confirm what the cook had said about requiring his presence on Sunday, and that rather than expose himself to that possibility he had better keep his grievance in abeyance. So he took his hoe and went out into the vegetable garden.

He had not been working there long when he heard his name called. Mr. Woodbury stood in front of the garage awaiting him.

"Perhaps you didn't understand," Mr. Woodbury said pleasantly enough when Ralph came up. "Of course you're expected to come on Sundays as well as other days—not to work in the garden, but to black the shoes and do other little jobs about the house. It means making two visits, but neither of them very long ones—early in the morning and then again about noon to freeze the ice cream. I remember mentioning that freezing the ice cream was to be one of your duties, but I suppose you were inattentive."

"I guess I didn't take it in," Ralph admitted. "I wasn't planning, when I looked for a job, to take one that would mean Sunday work."

"Of course you're under no compulsion to retain the job you've got," replied Mr. Woodbury.

"Oh, that's all right," Ralph said hastily. "Only it doesn't seem quite fair that I shouldn't be free to go to church Sunday morning."

Mr. Woodbury grinned. "Delighted to have you go to church every Sunday morning; I hope you will. You don't need to get here to freeze the ice cream until half past twelve or quarter of one."

"Oh!" Ralph swallowed and endeavored to put a good face upon the matter. "That makes it all right then. But there's one thing I feel I ought to speak about, Mr. Woodbury; I don't feel it's the cook's place to boss me round and give orders and criticize, and all that."

"Does she boss you round?"

"Yes, she does. And I don't feel it's her place to do it. I want to do my bit for the war; that's why I'm doing gardening this summer; but I don't see that it's helping to win the war any, being told to step around by a cook."

"Well," said Mr. Woodbury, "I suppose your dignity does suffer a little. But after all she's your superior officer when you come into the kitchen, and I don't see how I can interfere. It may be difficult, as you say, to see in what way taking orders from a cook is helping to win the war; we'll have to set it down to discipline and let it go at that."

Ralph was not satisfied and continued to grumble: "Still, I don't feel that it's her place—"

Mr. Woodbury cut him off short. "Your feelings are not of great importance. As between them and the cook's, we should consult the cook's every time. She has been with us three years; you've been with us not quite three days, and you haven't made yourself indispensable yet. She knows what is expected of the man—or boy—on the place; if at any time you feel that she's trying to impose upon you, let me know. But I don't believe she will. She's efficient, and she expects efficiency from others. If you display it, she won't make trouble for you. And I hope that you will not make trouble for her." Mr. Woodbury's sharpness of tone relaxed, and he said with a smile, "Did you ever hear those lines,

"We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks?"

Ralph endeavored to show appreciation, but his smile was disconsolate; and when Mr. Woodbury walked briskly down to the street Ralph turned and walked gloomily back to the vegetable garden. He worked at hoeing potatoes for about an hour and then, feeling tired, walked over to the wall that divided the Woodbury place from the adjoining estate and looked round to see what Phil was doing. As it happened Phil was down on his hands and knees close to the wall, thinning out and weeding carrots. He continued at this work while Ralph engaged him in conversation; suddenly from the garage came a shrill call, "Ralph! Ralph!"

It was the cook who summoned him.

"What do you want?" bawled Ralph, and

Phil stood up to see who it was that possessed such a shrill, imperious voice.

"Come and scald out the swill pail!" cried the cook. "The garbage man's just emptied it." She stood beckoning to him.

"Cut it out!" muttered Ralph angrily; he cast a backward glance, caught sight of Phil's delighted grin and moved in mortification to perform the odious task.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GETCHELL RECORD

By Lillian Grace Copp

THE Getchells were having what Rodney called a tug-of-war discussion. Nineteen-year-old Sue might have protested against the unfairness with which they had taken sides. She was alone on the affirmative; her mother, her father and her brother Rodney were on the negative, and all were arguing strenuously.

It was father that showed the first sign of capitulating. "I think it's a poor plan of course, but if Sue is determined—" he began a bit doubtfully.

"She isn't determined; she can't be," interrupted Rodney. "She only thinks she is! And since the Getchells have the name of sticking to a thing once they begin, let's keep it! Sue will make a fizzle of this job if she takes it. You just see if she doesn't!"

"Don't you worry about my dropping a thing because it's too hard!" Sue suddenly straightened in her chair, twisted to the right and with crimson cheeks looked at her brother squarely. "I won a scholarship at the institute, and I won one at college ten days ago, didn't I? If I were afraid of hard work, both of those scholarships would have gone to the others. I may not be brilliant, but I know how to work!"

"But, Sue,"—her mother's tone was plaintive,—*"this is altogether different. If there were the slightest need of your taking the position at Ormand's, we would never utter a single protest. What makes you so stubborn?"*

"O mother, have we got to go over that again? If you would only try to see my side. Of the six girls in our wing of the dormitory Betty Haines and Lou Albert have to work their way through college. At the thought of having to give every minute of their summer vacation to work they decided to give up the course. The rest of us protested; and Lou said we four others ought to take a position and find out what working your way really meant. She said that, if we four would keep a job through the summer, she and Betty would promise to finish the course."

"Hester Morton declared that we'd do it. Of course the rest of us agreed. Last week Hester went to Northeast Harbor as a waitress; nothing else offered. Two days ago Minnie Masters went to the beach with the

"If you begin, you want to stick it out for the whole nine weeks. Try to remember that there is such a thing as the Getchell!"

"That will do, Rodney!" Father's tone was quiet, but it carried authority. He picked up the evening paper to signify that the discussion was at an end.

Sue took the opportunity to slip away. Upstairs in her dainty blue-and-silver room she reread the letter she had received that morning from Hester Morton. She was heartily glad that her mother had not asked to see it. "Whatever kind of work you get, Sue, don't be a waitress!" wrote Hester. "The seven days that I have been here have been dreadful. Yet I shall be glad all my life for the experience. By the end of August I shall be able to appreciate an education and the price that Lou and Betty are paying for theirs. Besides, I shall understand just what our maids have to struggle with right in my own home."

"If Hester can stand that, I guess that I shan't have much to complain of at Ormand's," murmured Sue with an encouraged little nod at her reflection in the mirror. "They all say that Mr. Ormand is just, even if he is irritable and exacting. Rodney needn't fear for the Getchell record."

The next morning Sue was waiting at the store when Mr. Ormand parked his car and stepped briskly out. He returned her bright good morning with a curt little nod and, unlocking the door, stalked silently in. Sue followed meekly, wondering why her knees seemed suddenly incapable of supporting her slight weight.

The hour that followed was a dizzying whirl of receiving orders, dusting counters and trying to memorize price tags and the exact position of goods. Something had evidently upset Mr. Ormand before his arrival. His tone was crisp and brusque, and the girl's nerves were on edge long before a customer paused at her counter and she sold her first order of goods.

Between asking Mr. Ormand for needed information, searching out the goods and waiting on customers the forenoon wore away. At

Mr. Ormand's irascibility over the loss in money added to her nervousness, and everything went wrong. For the first time since beginning work she arrived at the store a little late.

"I should have thought you would have planned to be on time this morning if you never were again!" said Mr. Ormand sharply, glancing up from the gingham that he was piling on the counter near the door. "Take every bolt of gingham from the shelf down there by the window and bring them up here with this lot!"

She pulled off her hat and reached for the gingham. As she took down a bolt of black-and-white-checked she paused and stared at it uncertainly. Why, that was the fifty-nine cent quality, and Mr. Ormand had told her to put it with the bargain lot! A customer entered before Sue could call her employer's attention to the mistake. She pushed the bolt back on the shelf and carried the sale lot forward.

By that time customers were following one another into the store with a regularity that kept both Mr. Ormand and Sue working at top speed to fill the orders. There was not a second in which Sue could mention the mistake that she had discovered. And then while the floor space round the bargain counter was crowded a woman edged her way up to Mr. Ormand and asked for black-and-white in quarter-inch checks.

"We have a bolt of that style in this quality, I'm sure we have," he said, throwing over a huge pile of gingham with nervous speed. Finally he glanced the length of the store and spied the bolt that Sue had returned to the shelf that he had ordered cleared. "I thought I told you to bring that black-and-white gingham over here," he said. "Be good enough to get it now and don't waste any time!"

Sue's cheeks flamed; she felt the glances of the customers upon her, some curious, some pitying. She swallowed a choking lump of pride that swelled in her throat and answered quietly: "That bolt of gingham doesn't belong in this lot—"

"It belongs wherever I put it," he interrupted her. "Show it to Mrs. Myers immediately!" He waved his hand imperatively.

With her head high and her eyes scintillating Sue turned and walked down the store. To save the girl further embarrassment Mrs. Myers followed. Sue pulled the goods from the shelf and placed them on the counter in front of her customer.

Mrs. Myers reached out and took a fold of the cloth between her fingers. "Only nineteen cents a yard?" she asked scarcely above a whisper. "What a bargain!"

"It ought to be a bargain; it is the regular fifty-nine-cent quality." The words seemed to tremble on the tip of Sue's tongue, but the

waiting. A few moments later the man came in and carried the bulky parcel out to the waiting car.

There was not another call for black-and-white-checked gingham until late in the afternoon. Then one of Mrs. Myers's friends came in to get a duplicate of the bargain.

"But this isn't the same quality that you sold Mrs. Myers for nineteen cents a yard," the woman objected as Mr. Ormand showed her a piece of goods. "This ordinarily would not be more than twenty-five cents a yard, and hers is exactly the same quality that you have been selling for fifty-nine."

"The quality of the entire lot is the same," explained Mr. Ormand. "If Mrs. Myers purchased a better quality than we have here on this counter, she paid the regular price. You may be sure of that."

The discussion was plainly audible to Sue, who was measuring fifteen yards from a bolt of glaring plaid. She caught her lip between her teeth. If he only wouldn't appeal to her before the store full of customers! But her hope instantly fled at the woman's next words.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Myers didn't! She paid just nineteen cents a yard, and she bought fifty yards. Ask your salesgirl there! She waited on her."

There was no use of Sue's pretending that she did not hear Mr. Ormand's stern question. She folded the gingham and replied in an unsteady voice: "Mrs. Myers purchased the bolt of black-and-white quarter-inch check that I had left on the shelf and that you told me to show her."

"Out of this stock?" Mr. Ormand frowned and waited for Sue's reply.

"No, it was the fifty-nine-cent quality. I found the mistake this morning and put the cloth back on the shelf." Sue's head went up, and her voice became steadier. "I tried to explain, but you refused to listen. Mrs. Myers thought you knew the quality I was showing her, but I was sure that you didn't."

There was a breathless silence for a moment; then Mr. Ormand spoke with quiet deliberation: "And because I was hurried and spoke impatiently, you sold the gingham at a loss of twenty dollars. It looks as if you had evened matters up."

He turned from Sue to the customer. "I am sorry not to be able to give you so good a bargain as Mrs. Myers got, but in the circumstances you will understand why I cannot do it. The bolts of gingham must have got mixed yesterday when I changed the goods about. Yes, I remember now. If you will look on that shelf two counters down," he said to Sue without his usual crispness, "you will find the black-and-white that belongs to this grade. It is a rare bargain at nineteen cents."

During the rest of the afternoon as Sue rushed from one end of the store to the other one thing was uppermost in her thoughts: she had failed dismally in keeping the Getchell record up to its high mark! Of course Mr. Ormand would dismiss her that night. The wonder was that he had not done so in front of the customers two hours before. And it was only the fourth week! Well, she couldn't remain if he wouldn't have her. But, O dear, she was the only one of the four girls to make a failure of the summer! And she had made it because she was too angry to insist on Mr. Ormand's listening to her explanation. What would Rodney say? And father?

If there were only some way to make amends! Sue thought of and rejected a dozen different plans. Then at six o'clock came and the crowd began to thin out she made a swift resolve. Giving her courage no time to cool, she walked across the store to where Mr. Ormand was sitting at his desk. Her lips and cheeks were white, but she kept her voice under control as she began abruptly: "Mr. Ormand, you are going to tell me that my work here finishes tonight, I suppose. You are justified in doing so, but I want to say this before you discharge me. I was wholly wrong in selling the goods to Mrs. Myers when I knew that you had made a mistake in placing the gingham there. I am more sorry than I can say and am quite willing to repay the twenty dollars' loss out of my wages. I'd like you to give me another trial. It will mean more than you know."

Then, without having intended doing anything of the kind, she tumbled out the story of the four girls' taking positions just to encourage two others to stay at college and of her brother's fear that she would find the work too hard and would fail to stick to it with the Getchells' usual tenacity. "I should have insisted on your listening to what I had to say about the gingham's being left on the shelf," she added, "or else I should have explained the whole matter to Mrs. Myers. She would have passed on the explanation to



"Only nineteen cents a yard?" she asked scarcely above a whisper. "What a bargain!"

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

Armstrongs as governess to the two younger girls. Viola Watson is doing subscription work for a magazine agency. And I have just got my place at Ormand's general merchandise store to begin tomorrow morning. I shall have to report, now that I have accepted the position, shan't I, father?" Sue's glance was beseeching.

"There's nothing else for you to do," said her father. Then he looked at her mother and Rodney. "We might as well make it as easy for her as we can. She is going to find it hard enough at the store. Ormand makes his sales-girl earn her money. He has had four different ones since the beginning of the year."

"Well, I am going to say one thing," Rodney stretched to the dignity of his full height.

one o'clock Sue was too tired to walk even the short distance home. She crossed to the lunch room on the opposite side of the street and slowly sipped a glass of milk while she rested her weary back and aching feet.

Fortunately the girl's memory was good. Mr. Ormand never had to tell her the same thing twice. Sue was quick and obliging as well as attractive, and her being in the store drew a number of new customers there. It looked as if her experiment were going to be successful; that is, until the middle of the fourth week when Mr. Ormand made a bad bargain on a large lot of gingham. To dispose of the goods he decided to mark them to sell below cost. On the morning of the sale Sue awoke with a nervous headache. Thoughts

memory of the humiliation to which she had been subjected stifled them. Choking back her emotion, she asked in as quiet a tone as she could command: "How many yards did you want?"

"Why, my dear, I think I'll take the whole bolt. I can use it for presents and, oh, lots of things! I may never get another such a bargain. How many yards are there?"

Sue looked at the tag. "Fifty. That will be nine dollars and fifty cents."

"How fortunate I brought a ten with me!" Mrs. Myers was obviously much pleased with her bargain. "You get it ready and I'll send the chauffeur in for it." She passed Sue a bill and, receiving back fifty cents in change, went out of the side door, where her chauffeur was

you. In not doing so I failed the Getchells every bit as much as I failed you."

"You did not fail me!" exclaimed Mr. Ormand, bringing his clenched fist down on the

desk with a resounding bang. "You taught me the most valuable lesson I ever learned. I have never discharged a salesgirl when I was the one in fault. It is worth every penny of

twenty dollars if I have learned to control that beastly temper of mine, and I think I have. Go home and tell your brother that if he has one fourth the persistence of his sister,

the record of the Getchells is due for a boom." He paused and looked at her quizzically. Then, "And you, young lady, you see that you are here on time tomorrow morning!"

RELATIVITY AND THE AUSTRALIAN ECLIPSE

By Harlow Shapley

TO the relativist all is relative, nothing absolute. He is, anyone would judge from his assertions, absolutely sure that nothing, absolutely nothing, is absolute. But the relativist is willing, or even quite anxious, to have his startling statements tested; and to make such tests the astronomers have recently equipped extensive and expensive expeditions, sending them off to the far corners of the earth, to the islands of the South Sea and the deserts of Australia, to see what the stars have to say concerning these puzzling new theories of the laws of nature.

The general theory of relativity as elaborated by the contemplative geniuses of Mr. Einstein, his forerunners and contemporaries is not a subject of immediate concern to most of us. There are other modern scientific theories that concern our everyday thinking and our day-to-day life much more pointedly; but they did not happen to become fads.

For instance, the difficult, fascinating, revolutionary theory of the electrical nature of matter touches our daily interest in batteries, ignition and radio. Also the new and much debated theory of the drifting of the great continents, scientifically known as the Taylor-Wegener hypothesis, is one quite within our untrained comprehensions; for we all see how the bulging eastern coast of South America may have once fitted into the indentation of the west coast of Africa. And any explanation of the glacial ages, of the twisting of the pyramids and of the distribution of the plants and animals over the earth is tangible and easy to think about. Even the abstruse theory of the granular nature of light, although it is clothed in obscurest mathematics, touches us closely because we recognize the intimate relation of light to life. All these are modern and important scientific theories that have failed to awaken the wide popular curiosity that fell to the lot of the theory of relativity.

But notwithstanding the many attempts to popularize the relativistic revisions in our basic ideas of space, time and matter, all but a few of us are where we were when the popular interest began. Two or three things have mainly served to bring relativity into the daily press—the general mental restlessness following the strain of war, the engaging personality of the chief propounder and the vague feeling that this theoretical revolution in our notion of nature has some bearing on spiritual and other intangible things.

Not only has the new theory no significance for the ordinary man, but it also does not touch the practical field of the scientific worker except at one or two points. The astronomer continues to measure the greatest of distances, the longest of times, the highest of stellar velocities, without paying the least heed to the assertion of the relativist that space and time are no longer what Newton and his followers took them to be.

PROOFS OF THE THEORY

In brief, the theory of relativity requires that all the measures of time and space depend upon the relative velocities of measurer and measured. But the differences are so small that virtually nowhere do they become measurable in scientific work. Even our relative speed with respect to sun, moon and other bodies is too small to make the modification demanded by relativity of any importance in practice.

It is possible nevertheless to test the theory, and the two or three easiest tests are astronomical. The astronomer deals with large masses and high velocities. His observations and calculations have been extensive and accurate. He finds, for instance, that the Newtonian law of gravitation does not

sufficiently account for the changes in the path of the planet Mercury. The relativity theory, however, appears to account with high accuracy for this outstanding discrepancy in planetary motion.

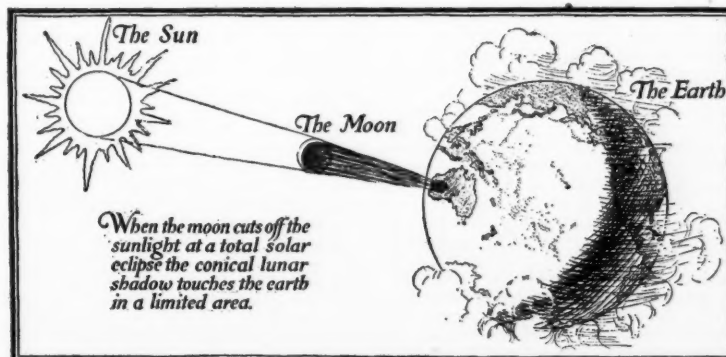
The motion of the orbit of Mercury was the first of the predicted proofs of the new theory. As a second possible proof Mr. Einstein proposed that a ray of light from a distant star when passing near a very heavy body would be deflected. In empty space far from the disturbance of material bodies light travels straight. But because of the so-called curvature of space, and because of the attraction of matter on light, the "wave" or "corpuscle" of light-energy when passing a star swings round it in much the same way as a comet or a particle of dust swings round. In other words, light travels in an orbit. The amount of the change in the direction of light when a heavy body like the sun comes near and disturbs the light ray depends upon the amount of matter in the disturbing body and its distance from the light ray. The deflection of light rays by the moon or by the planets is immeasurably small; there is too little matter in any of them.

The prediction based on the theory of relativity indicates that starlight passing near

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total solar eclipse the conical lunar shadow touches the earth in a limited area. Hence it becomes necessary for the investigating astronomer to move his telescope to that spot on the earth's surface where the shadow of the moon touches. The times and places of these eclipse paths can be computed with high accuracy years in advance; and the star field in which the sun will be at the time of the eclipse can also be told in advance. That is, the astronomer knows when the eclipse will occur, what stars are going to be observable very near the edge of the sun at the time of the eclipse, and he knows just where to set up his telescope.

As is commonly known, the sun moves continuously through the fields of stars throughout the year—an apparent motion that is only the reflex of the yearly motion of the earth round the sun. A few months before or after the eclipse, when the sun is far away from the position occupied during the eclipse, and when no massive body is near to deflect the light and produce the abnormal positions predicted by relativity, photographs can be taken in the nighttime of the stars in the eclipse field that will show their normal positions relative to one another. These photographs can then be compared with the



the sun will be sufficiently deviated from its normal path for measurement, provided that some way of photographing stars that lie in the direction of the sun could be devised. Now the sunlight falling on the atmosphere of the earth illuminates it to such an extent that stars cannot be photographed near the sun under ordinary circumstances. An extraordinary circumstance is provided by a solar eclipse. A total eclipse of the sun occurs when the disk of the sun is completely obscured by the intervening moon. Although the sun is four hundred times larger in actual diameter than the moon, its distance is relatively so great that the little, near-by moon can completely hide it at times. Upon such occasions sunlight does not fall on the part of our atmosphere that lies above the observer, and it becomes possible to see bright stars in the daytime near the edge of the obscured sun. The photographic plate can see more stars than the unaided eye and when skillfully handled can make a permanent record of the positions of the stars with respect to one another and to the edges of the sun and moon.

When the moon cuts off the sunlight at a

photographs made with the same telescope during the total eclipse. If the theory is right, the positions of the stars should not be exactly the same; the stars should appear slightly spread out during the eclipse.

Many attempts were made during the last decade to test the theory of relativity during a total solar eclipse. Several of the eclipse expeditions were ill-fated. German astronomers made an attempt in the summer of 1914 when the path of the total eclipse passed over a part of Russia. But the war broke out and the astronomers were made prisoners. In 1918 American astronomers attempted observations in the western part of the United States, but weather conditions were unfavorable. In May, 1919, two English parties were sent to the south Atlantic to observe a total solar eclipse.

One of the English parties went to the island of Principe off the coast of Africa. The results from the photographs made there under poor conditions were not conclusive, though somewhat favorable to the theory that the light rays from the distant stars were bent in passing through the gravitational field

of the sun, making the stars appear to spread out with respect to the edge of the sun.

The other party, observing the same eclipse from the other side of the Atlantic in Brazil, had much better success, and the announcement late in 1919 that the results obtained were decidedly favorable to the theory of relativity brought about the enormous interest that soon arose in the public mind.

Many men of science distrusted the Brazilian result, thinking it inconclusive. They thought that the upper atmosphere of the sun might have produced the observed effect, or that the photographic plates may have been distorted by the heat of the sun's rays. A further test became imperative. A solar eclipse had been predicted for September 21, 1922. The path was to pass from Abyssinia in eastern central Africa across the Indian Ocean, over the continent of Australia from the northwest to the southeast and thence out into the Pacific Ocean.

A DECISIVE TEST

Expeditions to observe the eclipse of 1922 were organized in Germany, Holland, England, India, Canada, the United States and Australia. The English and the Dutch-German parties met adverse conditions on Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean. But across Australia excellent conditions prevailed. Photographs for the relativity test were made in three parts of the continent.

When several parties attack the same eclipse it is the custom to scatter the observing stations along the eclipse path as widely as practicable, so that if clouds interfere at one station another may be successful. Some of the Australian observatories sent parties to the eastern part of the continent. The expedition from Adelaide in south Australia went into the sparsely inhabited desert regions of central Australia, packing their eclipse instruments for three weeks by camel train.

The most elaborate preparations were made by the Lick Observatory of the University of California under the direction of Prof. W. W. Campbell, director of the observatory and president elect of the University of California. Photographs of the eclipse field were made several months before the eclipse by Dr. Trumpler of the Lick Observatory staff at a temporary observing station located in Tahiti. These plates were obtained for the later comparison with photographs of the same region when it would also include the eclipsed sun.

The Lick party spared no effort or expense to get decisive results. The expedition went to the northwestern coast of Australia, a region that is little known and geographically difficult of access. The observing camp was set up on the desert near the coast, not far from the telegraph station of Wallal. The Australian government cooperated in transporting the astronomers and the accompanying parties from Canada, India and southwest Australia.

The probability of good meteorological conditions was high. Professor Campbell is the most experienced observer of eclipses in the world. Careful preparations were made. Frequent rehearsals were held. All was set for the few vital minutes during which the eclipse was predicted to last.

And then it went off successfully. The preparations lasted for several months; the actual observations took only a few minutes; and there followed an interval of half a year while the photographs were being transported back to America and carefully measured.

The results of the measurements of the photographs made by the Canadian party have now been announced. We also have the



preliminary report of the more extensive material derived by the Lick Observatory. The predicted displacements of the star positions were found. Both reports are unreservedly favorable to the general theory of relativity. Although some conservative men of science will continue to doubt the relativist's

explanation of the observed deviations, it will nevertheless be generally accepted throughout the scientific world.

The second test therefore appears to be decisive. Unless some other interpretation for these predicted and observed results can be found, it seems certain that the new theory,

which slightly modifies Newton's law of gravitation and alters also many other concepts in the more fundamental phases of physical science, will now become a permanent part of our compendium of knowledge concerning nature. Apparently this revolutionary theory has come to stay.

At that instant Calico Sam bounced round, snorted shrilly at the newcomer and then shot straight away. He leaped by Lee and the fallen pony, striking viciously at the pony's neck as he passed.

Frank saw the wicked stroke, and fear for his cousin's life prompted him to act at once. He would keep Aladdin between the wild beast and the trapped rider! Calico Sam pitched another half somersault, and before he could recover the boy was close to the fallen pinto.

In vain Lee shouted at him to go away. "Don't get tangled up in this mess!" he cried. "One's enough at a time! Go find my knife and get back as quick as you can; it's all I need."

"Don't know where my bundle fell off," said Frank, speaking between set teeth, "and I can't leave you and hunt for it."

Swiftly he formed a plan of rescue. He had already seen that the lariat, fast at the pommel of Lee's saddle, had been drawn tight round the cow pony's neck and one foreleg. Except for the tangle he believed the pinto might with the help of his own horse get to its feet. He advanced, watching closely the struggles of the wild horse.

As Calico Sam still doggedly yanked backward—he was so caught by the head that he could not "strangle down"—Frank rode Aladdin to where he could reach the struggling animal with his whip. Then he began to use it with a horseman's might and dexterity. With stinging cuts over an eye and on the near side of the face he drove the horse, which was crazed for the moment by that new and fierce punishment, sidewise and backward at the end of his tether; and all the while he kept his own dancing and highly excited mount under perfect control.

Lee watched his young cousin with a kindling pride that was mingled with fear. It was of no use to shout at the boy to keep away.

Frank kept up his controlled but rapid and biting attack until he had driven the madly

A CITY COUSIN TO A RANCH



By Franklin Welles Calkins

FRANK CLAIR'S big thoroughbred, hitched to a tie post, danced impatiently. In front of the ranch house Frank's cousins sat their pinto cow ponies, waiting for him. Presently he came down the rough limestone walk, wearing a cap, riding breeches and white cotton gloves.

The brothers, who were a few years older than their cousin, exchanged glances; Lee grinned, and Adam scowled. "He's a city cousin to a ranch all right," growled Adam in a low voice. "He ought to wear crinoline and be kept in a glass case!"

Frank, hurrying toward the pair, overheard the remark; his face flushed, but he controlled his emotion quickly. Adam had given rather reluctant consent to his accompanying them that morning.

It was evident enough that he considered Frank and the thoroughbred to be unequal to rough work. He had suggested also that the visitor had better ride a cow pony and wear a pair of leather "chaps" on account of mesquite snags.

Frank untied his horse and with a smile mounted and joined the others. "Never mind my crutches," he cried, "and you won't need to keep me in a glass case! I won the Dallas prize at our thoroughbred contest at Austin this fall. It's for fancy riding, you know, and I shipped Aladdin up here to keep in practice while I visit."

Adam's face grew dark with annoyance; he had not intended to be rude to their guest. He swung his stiff rawhide whip in a vicious cut at a sailing dragon fly.

"Whatever do you all use those long, hide-splitting whips on?" asked Frank.

Lee explained that they used the whips for fighting back the half-wild horses that might try to follow a wild one that had to be chased out of their pasture. Then he told their eager visitor of the fleet, wild mustang that had just broken through the Mosby brothers' fences.

The spotted red-and-white horse, known on the range as "Calico Sam," would bolt through or over a wire fence like some huge projectile, and he minded cuts and bruises no more than he minded fly bites. Once inside a range pasture he would stay, if allowed, until he could lead a following through a breach and out upon the wide llanos. When a rancher discovered and chased him a number of the range half-breeds would almost always follow at his heels. Some of them occasionally escaped with the wild one, and then there was trouble enough to round them up. No

horseman had yet got near enough to use a six-shooter on Calico Sam.

The trio of riders went inside the big Mosby inclosure and rode along its south line to the level of some breaks that rimmed the western limits; the Mosby fence included the rough and barren heights because of the water holes among their cañonlike ravines. In warm weather horses usually sought the shade of the scattered cottonwood trees about the water holes.

The brothers now reconnoitred carefully. Adam even went forward on foot to spy out the gulches. Their business was to see before they should be seen, to get between Calico Sam and any stock that might be running with or near him.

Adam presently came back from one of his scouting trips with his eyes snapping. "Say," he whispered, "he's right over here with a bunch of horses in Spring Creek Cañon; can't climb out for a quarter mile either way! Wish we'd brought the guns; but let's try our ropes."

Lee slipped off his mount. "You go below, Adam," he said; "work round carefully, and I'll slip down the ravine just above here."

Adam mounted and rode away. Lee handed his hat and his whip and even his jackknife and his bandanna handkerchief to Frank. "Don't want a thing to chafe or bother in this business," he said. From the pommel of his saddle he lifted a coil of lariat braided of rawhide and proceeded to rub every inch of its pliable seventy feet.

By the time he had finished Frank had slipped off his gloves and riding jacket, had rolled Lee's belongings in the jacket and, tying them, had hung the bundle on his pommel. He was stripped for action also. Lee nodded approval. "Follow only when you see us come in sight," he advised him.

From a near-by ravine Lee entered the dry, narrow gulch of Spring Creek. He rode cautiously round a turn of ledge and out upon a walled-in flat eighty or a hundred yards in width. Beside a water hole and behind a small cluster of cottonwoods he halted. For a quarter of an hour he waited with coiled lariat in hand. And then things happened in a whirlwind manner.

There was a clatter of hoofs down the cañon, and a moment later a bunch of horses shot round a bluff with Calico Sam in the lead.

Although Lee held his rope in readiness he did not expect to make an immediate cast; he thought merely of turning the wild mustang

back and of getting the animal between himself and Adam so that one or the other would be certain of a chance to rope him. As the wily mustang galloped out from cover, however, he increased his already tremendous pace and came straight on. Lee rode directly at him until he was certain that the beast was going by; then he tried to wheel his mount for a cast. Seeing that he had made his turn too late for a proper head-on throw, he did a reckless thing; in the middle of his pony's sharp turn and as the mustang shot by, almost grazing its head, he flung his wide loop far in front of the flying beast. At the very end of the narrowing noose Calico Sam was caught fairly by the head; he was thrown cleanly, and the shock of the impact bowled over the wheeling horse and rider. The ranch pony fell upon its side down a slight incline with the rider's right leg under its flank.

While the pinto, legs in air, was struggling to regain its footing and Lee was writhing helplessly in the shock of sudden pain, the wild horse scrambled to his feet and made frantic attempts to break away. Even had the fallen ranch horse been able unassisted to regain its legs from its awkward position, the mustang's struggles against the rope would have kept it from rising.

Lee found himself caught hard and fast. His leg under his mount's flank was apparently unbroken, but he quickly discovered that he had thrust his right foot through the stirrup! To withdraw it would be impossible until his horse got upon its feet.

The pinto's shoulders were on the lower part of the incline, and its back was lower than its forelegs. With its head upraised the beast was pawing and wriggling in the effort to find its feet; but the wild horse plunged crazily at the end of the seventy feet of rawhide and then suddenly began to jump sidewise. In a few seconds he had made a complete circuit of the fallen horse. The rawhide was drawn in under the pinto's neck and between its forelegs and across the saddle.

Lee escaped the tangle with difficulty. To get his pony on its feet now without help would be impossible, for he had not so much as a penknife with which to cut the *reata*. Where was Adam? He had not thought of his brother until that moment.

The horses that had followed Calico Sam, frightened by his fall and plight, had wheeled and galloped back down the cañon.

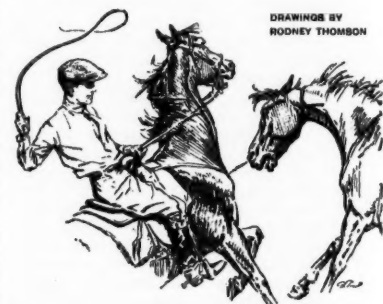
Lee raised his voice in long-drawn halloos for help. At that the crazed captive rushed straight upon Lee's pony, whirled about and let fly with his heels. Then the beast rushed away again and took a "header" at the end of the rawhide.

Lee was sure that Adam's help alone could save him, and that it must come soon. Again he shouted at the top of his voice, and again Calico Sam raced round at the end of his tether, further entangling the fallen horse. Then, hearing a fresh pounding of hoofs, Lee turned his face to see, not Adam, but his cousin Frank, whom he had for the moment forgotten. The boy was riding down the cañon at top speed.

For a moment Lee forgot his own danger and shouted frantically at the boy to halt on the farther side of the fighting wild horse. Frank did bring his mount to a halt beyond the struggling beast while he took a quick glance survey of the situation.

"Throw me my knife! Throw me a knife!" shouted Lee.

Frank slapped his thigh in despair. His bundle, jacket, knife and all, had jumped from its hold on his pommel! He had only Lee's rawhide whip, which was in his hand.



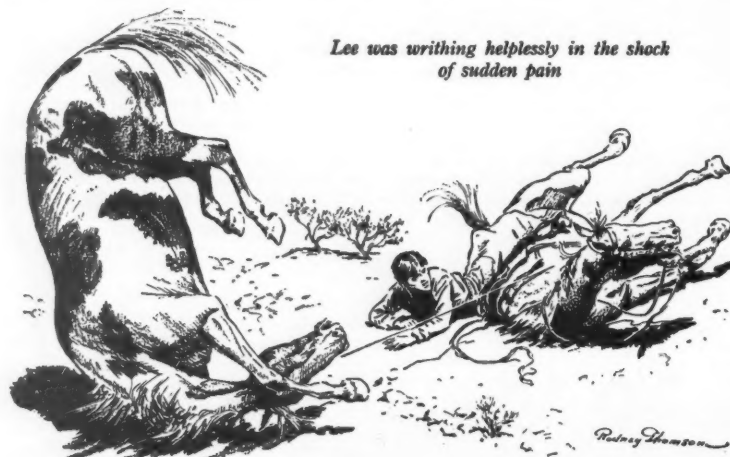
The mustang fought back with the crazy anger of his kind

plunging mustang once and a half round the fallen pony. The pinto's leg was free again, but the lariat, secured in a looped knot and a half hitch at the saddle horn, was drawn far back under the animal's shoulder, and the full weight of his forequarters lay upon it. A violent lunge of the mustang to the right was necessary to free it.

At great peril to himself Frank pressed his trained mount upon the beast shoulder to shoulder and drove his animal forward, pushing the mustang before him while he attacked him more vigorously than before with his whip. The wild horse had recovered somewhat from the first violent shock and fear of the novel attack. He reared now and struck wickedly at the boy's mount. At that Aladdin suddenly squealed with the fervor of combat and entered into the fight with tremendous energy. His strokes and bites were more effective than the whip and drove Calico Sam backward and sidewise, though the mustang fought back with the crazy anger of his kind.

Frank saw the advantage of his big thoroughbred's fighting. Paying no heed to his cousin's freshly raised and frantic shouts, he let Aladdin fight while with his whip he helped to force the mustang back. The wild horse was now rearing and striking front to front with his mount; the lasso was dragging under Aladdin's feet, and he saw at a quick glance that his cousin was struggling to draw it out from under his pony's shoulder. Until that was done it could not be untied from the saddle horn, however much slack his own driving of Calico Sam would give.

Suddenly as the mustang reared to strike, Aladdin leaped forward in a tremendous lunge



Lee was writhing helplessly in the shock of sudden pain

and knocked the wild horse off his feet and flat upon his side and back. Frank saw a wide loop of the lariat directly under his left foot. As quick as thought he leaped from his saddle. "Down, sir, down—down!" he shouted to his mount, and, catching up the slack of rope, threw two half hitches round the pommel of his saddle.

He was now opposite and near the fallen cow pony's head. He forced his horse backward as the mustang struggled to its feet. Lee, watching him, groaned aloud at his peril. But the wild horse had had enough fighting; the knockdown had settled that. Frank kept his horse in check while the mustang hurtled away to the end of its shortened line.

Then as the beast pitched and bucked at the end of its tether the boy clutched his bridle rein with fear in his heart. But as Aladdin held his ground and brought the mustang round head-on and hanging doggedly back Frank's face lighted with joy. His Texas racing saddle with its stout tree and double girth would hold the captive, and the thoroughbred would stand at command against almost

anything. The mustang could not budge him. Frank took another half hitch of the slack rope that was behind his horse round the pommel and turned his attention to his cousin. It required their combined strength to get the rawhide from under the pinto's shoulder and two or three minutes longer to get its fiercely tightened folds free of the saddle horn. Then with Frank pulling at its head the cow pony was able to regain its feet.

It took Lee some minutes to "limber up"; and then the practiced range rider with the help of his city cousin and his horse got the wild horse down and tied him hard and fast.

Twenty minutes later Adam came riding up the cañon. He gave a whoop of delight at seeing Calico Sam down.

"My horse took a header in a washout," he explained; "took me half an hour to catch him."

In answer to his query Lee narrated in matter-of-fact detail the adventure that he had had with Calico Sam. Adam sat for a moment looking at his young cousin; then he leaned forward and reached for the boy's hand.

IN A SUNKEN SHIP

DAY was just breaking over the Humber on the morning of August 20, 1907, when a shout of alarm roused Harry Willey from his sleep. Willey, writes Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide World Magazine, was mate on the steam trawler Quail of Hull. Besides him there were on board W. Lewis, the captain, and J. Nicoline, a deck hand. Willey rubbed his eyes and looked toward the cabin where the captain was sleeping. It was Nicoline that had shouted.



As Willey was flinging off his bedclothes there came a terrific crash, and the trawler heeled over almost on her beam ends.

The mate pitched headlong out of his berth. Scrambling madly to his feet, he rushed into the main cabin just in time to see the great cutwater of a steamer protruding through Captain Lewis's berth. He could see nothing of the captain himself.

Without waiting to take a second glance Willey made a dash for the door of the cabin. Behind him water was pouring in through the shattered berth in a mighty flood. Before he could reach the door, however, the ice-cold torrent had washed him off his feet, and in a moment the rising water was banked high against it. He struggled in vain to open the door; the flood had jammed it tight, and tug and strain as he would it remained fast shut.

In a few moments, while he was struggling with the door, the flood in the cabin rose to his chest. The noise of its inpouring drowned every other sound, and with the fear of death strong upon him Willey looked wildly round for some other means of escape.

By that time the bow of the other vessel had disappeared from the shattered berth and the water was cascading through the gaping rent. There was no hope that way! To add to the horror of the situation he felt the stricken trawler settling down, sinking,—and he literally trapped like a rat! While he stared wildly round the swirling tide once more swept him off his feet; he swam to the table and got upon it, only to be almost thrown off by the drunken rolling of the trawler as she foundered. Managing to stand upright, the mate grasped the coaming of the iron skylight above his head and in that way kept himself erect.

Unhappily for him—or perhaps fortunately—the skylight was closed and fastened, and he found that he could not possibly break through it. All the while the water was rising rapidly round him. Soon it was up to his armpits; and it continued to rise as the trawler sank lower and lower. He put his head up inside the skylight and beat frantically upon it. He shouted for help till he was hoarse.

Presently the water rose to his chin, and he was obliged to stand on his toes in order to breathe. Then, to his immense relief, he felt a dull shock; the trawler had struck bottom! At the same time she fell over, and with a mighty surge the flood within her cabin went rushing to the lower side. The shifting water almost carried the mate off the slanting table, and the wash, surging over his mouth and nose, choked him. Desperate, he drew himself still higher and, standing on tiptoe, bent his head back inside the skylight and

pressed his haggard face almost against the top of it.

Gradually as the water washed to and fro it found its level, and the mate's hopes rose; at least the flood was not getting any higher, and the skylight still afforded a few cubic inches of breathing space. But for how long

would the air last? Meanwhile, what had actually happened outside? The Wilson liner Dynamo, outward bound from Hull for Antwerp, had run into the Quail and had sunk her.

Captain Lewis had been killed in his berth; the cutwater of the liner had struck him as it burst through the trawler's side. Nicoline was never heard of again after his ringing cry that had awakened Willey; probably he had been swept away and drowned as the trawler sank beneath him.

The Dynamo had promptly reversed her engines and, stopping, had launched her boats, which cruised round the spot where the trawler had gone down. But they could find no survivors, and they soon started back to the liner.

Some time later Harry Willey, imprisoned within the cabin of the sunken wreck, up to his chin in water and straining on tiptoe to keep his mouth above it, suddenly discovered to his unspeakable joy and astonishment that the water round him was sinking! He could hardly credit the fact at first and thought that his imagination was playing him a trick. But when the water dropped to his shoulders and he found that he could safely lower himself to his heels he became almost wild with delight.

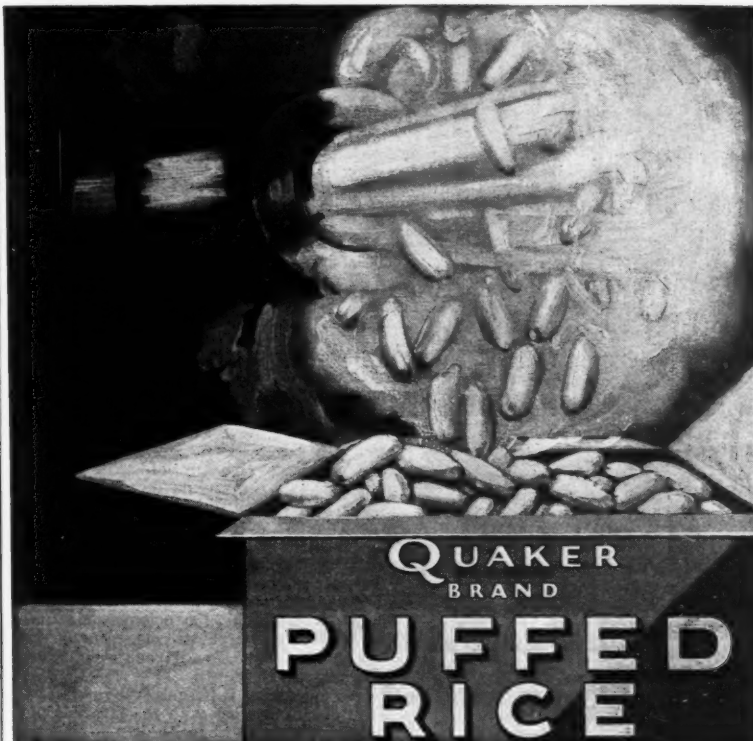
Still lower the water sank until it was only to his chest. Then he realized the reason and with a deep sigh of thankfulness knew that it was only a matter of time for the flood to recede sufficiently to allow him to get out of his living tomb.

The Quail had not sunk in deep water; she was resting on the bottom, and the tide was ebbing. That circumstance explained the seeming miracle.

Again hopeful, Willey waited with what patience he could muster until the water was at his ankles and the top of the table showed above the flood. Then he sprang down and, wading to the door, made another attempt to force it. He got it open two or three inches and allowed some of the water to rush out; the next instant it swung all the way open so suddenly that the flood carried him out with it. Utterly exhausted, he had just enough strength left to crawl up the companion ladder to the upper deck, where he collapsed.

The Dynamo was lying by the wreck in order to send her boats to examine it when the tide had ebbcd. How great was the amazement of those aboard the liner to see a man suddenly emerging from the lately submerged vessel can well be imagined. A boat was at once sent to the wreck, the upper part of which was now standing high out of water and rapidly drying in the warm, bright sunlight.

Clambering aboard, the boat's crew picked up the exhausted Willey and took him off to the Dynamo, where he soon was able to tell of his marvelous escape. The body of Captain Lewis was subsequently recovered from the shattered berth.



Shot from Guns

Wheat and rice grains steam-exploded

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made by Professor Anderson's great process. They are steam-exploded, shot from guns. Over 125 million food cells in each kernel are broken for easy, complete digestion.

The whole-grain elements are thus fitted to feed.

The finest of cereal dainties

The grains come out as airy puffs, crisp and flaky, 8 times normal size. The taste is much like toasted nuts, due to the fearful heat.

So Puffed Grains make whole grains delightful. Millions of children eat them morning, noon and night. Homes never serve a cereal dainty that compares with these.

Minerals—vitamines—bran

Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. These include calcium, phosphorus and iron, for lack of which countless children suffer. Wheat also supplies the daily need of bran. Milk supplies the vitamins—all three.

Puffed Wheat—a food confection—makes the milk dish a delight.

Let it supplant foods not so good.

Puffed Rice is the queen of breakfast dainties. Mix it also with all fruits. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children between meals. Let your children revel in these scientific foods.

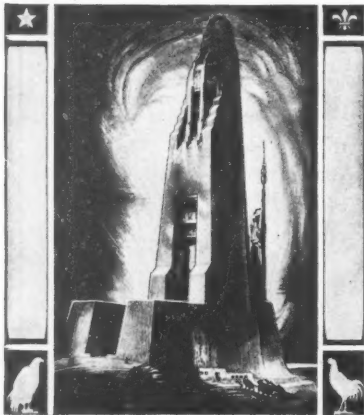
Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice



Puffed Wheat in Milk

A delicious blend of two supreme foods, easy to digest

The Quaker Oats Company



On the cliffs at the mouth of the Gironde where the first American troops landed in 1917 France is erecting this memorial. It is 325 feet in height, and the great figure represents France watching for the American ships.

FACT AND COMMENT

THE DESTINY OF A MAN lies in his character.

What man was he, so mighty, brave and clever,
Who first proclaimed, "My Name shall live Forever!"

THE GOSSIPS do us this service: they punish the indiscreet.

A DOCTOR OBSERVES that a generation that lives on wheels should eat more fruit and fresh vegetables than the generations that walked.

THE OSAGE RIVER in Missouri is so crooked that at one place a farmer floats his produce six miles down to a market where he disposes of his load and buys what he needs: then he goes on down the river to a point where it almost touches his farm again. There a team of horses drags the boat across a narrow neck of land to the original starting point.

"SEND ME TELEGRAMS and send them collect," said Mayor Rolph, speaking into the microphone as he opened a new radio broadcasting station at San Francisco. "Come on, everybody. I want to find out how far my voice is carrying." He found out. By the next day the telegraph tolls had exceeded \$3000. By now he may wish that he hadn't spoken so loud.

"IN RECOGNITION of the Blessings of Almighty God this Home is Dedicated to Faith, Hope and Love." The inscription is over the fireplace of a new dwelling near New York City. The fireplace, as a picture of it shows, is beautiful, with a delightful white colonial mantel. The casual reader feels refreshingly stirred; with such a dedication even the most modern house can hardly miss being a home.

THE UNITED STATES "prohibition navy" on the Atlantic will soon consist of four revenue cutters and eight speed boats. The revenue cutters make only about fifteen knots, but the speed boats, which will act as scouts, are capable of thirty knots and should be a match for anything that the rum-runners can muster. The boats will mount guns of a caliber up to four inches and have been ordered to fire directly on the rum-runners instead of across their bows.

A DEALER in electrical merchandise in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, has discovered that the right side of his store, as you enter from the street, sells goods much more readily than the left side. People who enter the store usually turn to the right and are attracted by what they see in the show cases. The storekeeper now uses the left side of his store for staple goods only. Of two telephone booths in the rear of the store the one on the right collected four times as many nickels as the other.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE complain that readable and interesting newspapers in their language have ceased to exist. All they have is an "elaborate machinery for spoiling paper." An observer in Russia writes that under the present government the newspapers are merely the mouthpieces of a small despotic group; the really able journalists have given up their profession, and the daily run of printed matter is little more than a lot of colorless propaganda. Before the revolution

the Moscow Ruskoije Slovo had a circulation of more than 1,200,000; today the combined circulation of all the soviet press is no more than that.

THE GREAT SYMBOL OF NATIONAL GRATITUDE

A FEW weeks ago The Companion spoke of an impressive memorial to the coöperation of the French and the American armies during the war that had been unveiled at Chaumont. A much larger and more unusual kind of monument is now building at the Pointe de Grave at the mouth of the Gironde River where the first American troops landed from the Orleans and the Rochester in 1917.

It was originally intended to build a colossal light tower, something comparable to Bartholdi's grandiose Liberty Enlightening the World in New York Harbor. M. Bartholomé, the designer, had it in mind to enlist a large company of architects and sculptors, all combatants in the war, who under his direction should together work out the plan of a great national monument, as characteristic of the age as the Parthenon is of Greek civilization or as the mighty cathedrals are of the Middle Ages. But difficulties presented themselves, and the work is now in the hands of M. Bartholomé and of M. André-Ventre, whose striking memorial at Verdun—the Trench of Bayonets—has made him famous.

The monument is irregularly pyramidal in form. That, together with the massive simplicity of its outline, makes it a little more suggestive of Egyptian art than of any other. It is to be 325 feet high and will rise from two tremendous bases of masonry between which on the landward side there is a lofty niche in the face of the monument. The niche is to be filled with a large tablet, draped with the entwined flags of France and the United States and guarded by the huge figures of a French and an American soldier.

The tablet will be engraved with an inscription commemorative of the part that America took in the defense of France. On either side of the approach formed by the projecting masses of masonry there will be impressive bas-reliefs by M. Henri Navarre, one representing the arrival of Lafayette in America, the other representing the arrival of the American soldiers in France.

On the other side of the monument, facing the sea over which the men from the New World came sailing, there is a colossal statue of France. In one hand she holds a spear and with the other hand shades her eyes as she looks out across the water. The figure has been compared for nobility and beauty with that remarkable statue of Athene with which Phidias beautified the Parthenon. The sculptor is M. Bourdelle.

The whole design is splendidly restrained, not to say austere. It does not sentimentalize the historical event it commemorates, but it suggests both the magnitude and the emotional significance of it. It is a wonderful tribute to the long friendship between the two countries and to the services that our soldiers rendered to France—services that the French nation remembers with gratitude.

CREATING A SUBURB

BY far the most perplexing domestic problem in Great Britain since the close of the war has been the problem of housing. Essentially it is local, but, since it is puzzling London, most of the great cities and even many small towns, it becomes also national.

The difficulties are manifold. The scarcity of houses and the crowding of the slums are of course the principal facts to be faced. The high cost of construction keeps private persons from building, for the government controls rents.

The central government, recognizing its duty in the matter, has undertaken to provide houses for the homeless. Its measure takes the form of a subsidy, continuing for a term of years, to all houses built on its plans. There has been much political controversy over the details of the measure. The Labor, and some of the Liberal, members of Parliament opposed certain provisions of the bill. There was a contest over the size of the living room, which the Labor men insisted was not large enough for courting. For weeks the newspapers were discussing whether or not there should be "non-parlor" houses. The government finally conceded a little more

area to the living room. At last accounts the bill was going forward, but the government does not always have the full support of all who are classed as its supporters.

The London County Council has undertaken a great local measure of housing wholly independent of the housing plan of the government. As originally projected it provided for an entirely new suburb, on which were to be erected twenty thousand houses to accommodate a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. The council bought a great estate, covering many square miles along the lower reaches of the Thames, and has built two thousand houses. The new suburb is called Becontree, and the undertaking is of such interest that the King and the Queen have visited the place.

In the school geographies of the forties of the last century the boys were taught that Philadelphia was "regularly laid out." That was when Chicago was little more than a promising town and long before scores of the cities of today were founded. All modern cities are regularly laid out as a matter of course. So is Becontree. It is probably the most thoroughly "laid out" tract of land ever built upon. Nothing has been left to individual caprice. It was pre-ordained how many houses there should be to an acre, how wide the principal and the cross streets should be, how the houses should face and what sort of houses they should be. Sites are reserved for parks, churches and schools.

Only the most northern and the most southern part of the estate are as yet built upon, but already twenty thousand persons are there living in clean, wholesome and attractive houses.

AFFIRMATIONS

LIFE is an affirmation and death a negation. When we move and breathe we assert ourselves, fling a positive, if not very gigantic, defiance to nonentity and oblivion. I am is the fundamental affirmation, on which the whole fabric of conscious existence is built.

The universe is an affirmation, a triumphant and glorious abolition of the dim, blank realm of chaos and old night. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. What more superb affirmation can there be than that?

The affirmers are those who do the work of the world. It is their large belief in the purpose they are serving, their constant, reiterated assurance of the validity of effort and the efficacy of human brain and muscle to accomplish things and get somewhere, that make the wheels go round, stir and stimulate the profitless inertia of matter into the thousand perpetually developing forms of prosperity and progress. There is something refreshing and wholesome about the instinct of affirmation when we meet it: it gives us a sense of life and health and vigor that makes us do our own work with redoubled heartiness.

And the habit of affirmation has its benefits for the affirmers themselves. Nothing can be accomplished without confidence. If you calmly assert the predominance of truth and justice, you strengthen and steady your own struggle to achieve them and do just so much to enlarge that predominance in the objective world.

To be sure, there are drawbacks. Persons who are always affirming are likely to become wearisome. Moreover, the habit is treacherous: if you contract it, you are likely to affirm things that are not so, and then men get to mistrust your affirmations altogether. When anyone has lived long with those who affirm he finds a certain charm in the opposite temperament, the shy, the timid, the distrustful, which is amazed to find that anyone can speak of anything with positiveness.

Yet, after all, doubters do little, and the world belongs to those who affirm. It is a healthy, normal, human instinct. Only, it is well to see that your affirmation has something behind it. Unless it has fact behind it, unless it has character behind it, it too often rings false and hollow.

THE COAL REPORT

ONE significant conclusion emerges from the report of the fact-finding commission that has been investigating the coal industry: there will be no peace in the industry and no proper service to the people who buy the coal until the guiding principle

in the enterprise becomes, not the greatest possible profit to owners, miners and dealers, but the greatest possible service to the public. There has been no evidence presented to the commission that either party to the production of coal understands that or means to make the appropriate change in its methods or point of view. Some form of government control will therefore be recommended, with complete publicity as to costs, profits, salaries, wages and corporate relationships.

The report, which is merely preliminary and which was intended to forestall the then approaching conference of the anthracite mine owners and mine workers to discuss the wage scales of the future, deals only with the hard-coal situation. It is a careful and discriminating report, made by an exceptionally able and unprejudiced body of men. It is not sensational in its disclosures, but it confirms many of the suspicions and beliefs of a public that feels itself unfairly treated by those who control what amounts to a natural monopoly.

Briefly, the commission finds that there is a lack of straightforward dealing with the problem both by the mine owners and by the mine workers. "Denunciatory propaganda" is too common; epithet takes the place of argument. The surplus of the five great railway and coal companies that under one arrangement or another both mine and transport coal has risen in twelve years from \$7,000,000 to \$52,000,000, and their net income has increased two and a half times, with no particular increase in production. The cost of mining has at least doubled in the same time, and from one sixth to one third of the money the consumer pays for his coal goes for transportation. Moreover, anthracite coal is mined and sold at wholesale in tons of 2240 pounds, whereas the ton the consumer buys and pays for is of 2000 pounds. The general economic condition of the worker in the anthracite mines is found to be good—far in advance of that of the bituminous worker.

The commission does not advise that the mines be nationalized, for it thinks that government operation would be wasteful and inefficient. It does recommend that the government insist on full publicity concerning costs and profits, and that it exercise some such form of supervision over the coal industry as it exercises over banks, railways and insurance companies. It says that Congress should give the President authority, whenever work in the mines ceases for any cause, to step in and dig the coal, fix the miners' wages, pay the owners what he thinks just and distribute the coal to those who need it.

All of the recommendations have to do with Congressional action, and Congress does not meet until December. If the conference between the owners and the miners does not come to some amicable agreement, we shall have another strike to face by September 1. That gives point to the commission's exhortation to those who use coal to find substitutes for hard coal wherever they can. Anthracite is bound to be expensive, even though government regulation of the profit-taking all along the line should bring down the price somewhat. There is none too much of it in the ground, and under present conditions no large supply of labor to dig it. Peace and justice in the industry the commission hopes to secure; really cheap hard coal it cannot expect to provide. That is what the report seems to say.

A CONVALESCENT SICK MAN

THE conference at Lausanne is over, and it has ended as was generally predicted. The patient and stubborn Turk has tired out the Western diplomats. He knew what he wanted and was willing to stay until he got it. The European nations, finding their commitments in Asia already troublesome, and their attention chiefly centred on matters nearer home, after a decorous delay let him have his will. Turkey alone of the German confederation of 1915 comes out of a losing war with the air of a victor. It has lost territory, but it has got back other things no less important.

The European troops are to evacuate Turkish territory. Eastern Thrace is definitely confirmed to the Turks, who are back in Europe as if they had not fought three wars and been "beaten" in all of them. The Turkish debts, it appears, are not even mentioned in the agreement. A little while ago Ismet Pasha, speaking of those debts, said, "They want us to pay in gold; we wish

to pay in paper." Apparently they are not to be obliged to pay at all. Finally, the old capitulations—by which foreign residents in Turkey might be arrested and tried only by the consular courts of their own nation—have disappeared from the picture. Turkey has always wished them swept away as being a reflection on its sovereignty and dignity. But no one would have supposed that they would be abandoned just after the Turkish army had had a hard drubbing from the Western Allies.

The Allies have managed to insist on the neutralization of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and on the control of those straits by an international commission. That is their chief gain by the war as it is the chief loss of Turkey. The loss of Arabia, Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia has destroyed the old Ottoman Empire, but it has left the Turkish national state stronger and more easily defensible. As for France in Syria and Great Britain as the patron of the Arabian kingdom between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, they hope to get economic advantage from their situation but are certainly getting political anxiety and finding the expense of the occupation annoying.

The United States was not a party to the treaty of Sevres. Nor is it a party to the treaty drawn up at Lausanne. Presumably it will be held that our consular courts are to go with the rest. But it is by no means certain that our State Department will let them go without protest. Americans in Turkey have always attached importance to the privilege that the capitulations gave them; nor is our government accustomed to having its treaties so cavalierly repudiated by the other party to them. A diplomatic correspondence, therefore, is likely soon to begin.

Meanwhile the sick man of Europe, though a little battered by misfortunes, is pretty well and able to sit up as late as anyone.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Articles for Girls

In our issue for August 23 we print an article by Miss Frances Warner on

A GIRL'S CASH ON HAND

Readers of the article will be glad to know that for 1924 Miss Warner has written for *The Companion* three articles:

THE GIRL WHO MISSED COLLEGE WHAT DO YOU LIKE THE CRITICAL GIRL

All three articles are delightful for their sparkle and good sense.

CURRENT EVENTS

WHEN a boy from North Dakota, Martin Tabert, stole a ride on a freight train in Florida he did something that led to issues he had no conception of. Arrested, jailed, leased out to a convict camp, beaten there so cruelly that he died, he did in fact accomplish through his agony and death a real reform. The state legislature has passed laws prohibiting the leasing of convicts either to private citizens or to corporations and has taken steps to improve the inspection and regulation of the state prison camps. Various officials who were shown to have administered the law corruptly were removed, others were indicted for violating the national peonage laws. The man who actually whipped Tabert so cruelly has been convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to twenty years in prison. The boy from Dakota did not die in vain.

EVERY day brings some news of importance from Germany. The French occupied several of the Krupp properties at Essen in order to make sure that some seventy thousand tons of coal there did not find its way into Germany instead of into France. Some of the Krupp mills had to close because the coal for their use was also seized. The diplomatic agents of both Belgium and

France told the German government that, if the Chancellor did not expressly repudiate the sabotage and other crimes in the Ruhr, all diplomatic relations between Brussels and Paris on one hand and Berlin on the other would be suspended. The Pope's nuncio in Berlin is busy trying to find some grounds for a settlement of the Ruhr question, but Premier Poincaré—with the support of the Chamber—is determined not to submit to any mediation from the Vatican. The mark continues to fall—it reached the fractional value of about one twelve-thousandth of a cent some days ago and was still dropping. The Ruhr episode still remained unsettled. The Germans make no move toward meeting the French demands, though the deadlock is more and more burdensome to German industry.

FRANCE has at last ratified the naval treaty that the Washington Conference drafted. There was distinct hostility to it, but by uniting forces M. Poincaré and M. Briand won a substantial victory. The Pacific treaty, or "four-power pact," was ratified without opposition.

THE Soviet Central Executive Committee has adopted a new constitution for Russia. As usual, no one except the leaders of the inner circle was consulted about it. The interesting assertion is made that the constitution is modeled on that of the United States, because it decrees a federal system of organization. But it is expressly provided that no state may secede from the union, and the chief executive powers are not in the hands of a president but in the hands of the Central Executive Committee. The eight federated states are Russia proper, including Great Russia and Siberia, the Ukraine, White Russia, the Georgian Federation, Armenia, the Tartar Republic and the republics of Khiva and Bokhara. There is a two-chamber congress and a body called the supreme court, which does not, however, have the power of invalidating legislation. The cabinet of commissaries is nominally responsible to the congress. There is no provision for direct election to any federal office, and the power remains fixed inevitably with the Central Executive Committee, which is the directing body of the Communist party. There are no provisions for freedom of speech or of the press.

AT the conference in Chicago of the various elements that are interested in organizing the farmers and the labor unionists into a single political party, similar in its aims to the British Labor party, dissension triumphed. Partly by numbers and partly by audacity and determination the extreme communist wing got hold of the conference and brought in a platform so radical that it frightened many of the delegates. Mr. Ruthenberg, recently convicted of violating the Michigan law against syndicalism, was the active leader of the radical wing, which openly proclaimed its communistic principles. Most of the men who were connected with the original Farmer-Labor idea in politics withdrew from the conference and will not cooperate with the "Federated" Farmer-Labor party because it is too much controlled from Moscow.

OUT in Montana the judge of a United States court has ruled that the Volstead law is void so far as it limits the number of liquor prescriptions a physician can issue in a month. A similar decision was recently made in the national court in New York when the enforcement officers arrested a doctor for prescribing more than a half pint of alcohol for a patient in ten days. The point is taken that so long as the law permits a physician to use alcohol as a medicine it cannot properly limit the number of patients he may treat or interfere with his judgment as to the amount required in any particular case. Judge Bourquin in the Montana case held that such legislation violates the fifth amendment to the Constitution.

THE British House of Commons, after debating Mr. Philip Snowden's motion condemning the capitalistic system and demanding legislation looking toward the public ownership and the socialistic direction of all industry, voted it down by 368 to 121. The Labor party members generally voted for the resolution, but it got no support worth mentioning from any other source. The debate, though warm, was perfectly decorous.



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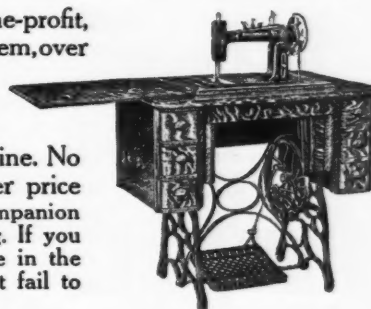
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



I



II



III



IV

A Tropical Nap
By WALTER HANUS
Young Biji, the son of Borillo,
Selected a stone for a pillow
And went fast asleep,
Then awoke feeling cheap,
For the stone was a live armadillo!



V

THE CIRCUS TICKET

By Edith L. Boyd

A LONG time ago when circuses were even a greater wonder than they are now because they came less often one happened to come to the village where Minet lived. Why it came to so small a place no one could guess. It had not been advertised, and few people would come in from the farms where harvest had called the men and boys; but there it was, marching down the hill road.

An elephant, ridden by a red-turbaned man, was drawing a huge, green, covered wagon that might contain a world of wonders. A red wagon followed, and then came a humpy camel bearing a load; after him a donkey cart and a pony carriage, both piled high with luggage; two bears led by a dark-faced man and then a clown on a tiny burro. Last of all came the small boys of the village, shouting with glee at the clown and his antics.

Minet stood on the back gate with her feet pushed through the pickets, and watched them file slowly along the dusty road down to the village green. Not one thing in the little procession escaped her eager eyes—the way the elephant waved his fanlike ears, the tired, scornful glance of the camel, the ambling bears that did not seem a bit fierce and the blue bow on the tail of the clown's donkey. She saw them all, and she wondered what was in the covered wagons. Would the dusty women riding on them wear pretty dresses when they appeared in the show? What was the clown saying? Something about a ride on the camel! He opened his funny red mouth and shouted out of the cloud of dust as they passed the gate:

"Every boy under twelve can have a ride on the elephant; every little lady" (here he looked at Minet) "can ride on the camel, free,—free,—not a cent for free rides. Come and get them after the performance!"

The little girl scrambled down from the gate and ran into the house. But in the doorway she stopped. Father and mother were not at home. They had gone down the river to grandfather's and would not be home until bedtime. How could she go to the circus without any money?

She walked slowly through the side gate into Mrs. Grand's yard and up on her porch where the good neighbor was sitting, sewing and watching the circus parade at the same time. Minet was

to have supper with her and stay until her parents returned. That was usually a treat to Minet, but tonight she was not happy.

"O Minet, isn't it splendid? A circus right here in our own village! We must all go. I shall get supper early so that we can be there in plenty of time."

"But, Auntie Grand, I can't go. I haven't any money." The child's face showed keen disappointment.

"Why, of course you are going to the circus. I have two quarters."

"Thank you very much, but father would not want me to borrow and run him into debt. Nobody knows how he hates to be in debt."

The little girl's voice was so sincere that Mrs. Grand murmured soberly, "Oh, is that so? Too bad!"

After a moment or two she held up the hat she was trimming and turned it round while she looked at it critically.

"I'm not satisfied with that; not one bit. I can't seem to remember whether the rose on your Aunt Emeline's hat was on the right or the left." Mrs. Grand looked puzzled.

"Why, Auntie Grand, it was right square in the front," cried Minet.

"Come to think about it, it was, wasn't it? Well, I'd give a quarter to have it there, but I have to get supper now. O dear!" Mrs. Grand laid the hat on the table, tossed the

rose aside and hastened into the kitchen. Quick as a wink an idea popped into Minet's head. She seized the hat, the rose, the needle and the thimble and went to work. Soon the rose was securely fastened to the front of the hat, the green leaves were tacked round it, all the flat, tight ribbon bows were perked up in a stylish way, and a happy little girl was smiling at her handiwork. She held it up to look at it.

"There," she decided, "that does look a great deal better. I know Auntie Grand will be pleased with it."

"She is very much pleased with it, thank you," said Mrs. Grand. She had appeared at the door just in time to hear what Minet said. She took the hat and turned it round and round and nodded her head in approval.

"Here," she plumped her hand down into the deep pocket of her poppy-flowered dress, "here is the quarter; you have earned it, and we shall go to the circus after supper."

You may be sure that Minet held tight to that shiny quarter as she skipped along beside Mrs. Grand on their way to the tent. She felt proud to pay for her ticket with her own well-earned money and was sure that she should enjoy the circus more than anyone else.

After all the actors had had their grand march and the wonderful riders had done their amazing feats of horsemanship and the tumblers had shown their skill, never minding the clown's jokes, the elephant and the camel were led into the ring. They had gayly trimmed blankets draped over them and curiously shaped seats on their backs. Then the ringmaster, that fine-looking man in the splendid clothes, made an announcement:

"All young ladies,—all I see are young,"—he bowed,—"who may care to ride on our noble camel, the ship of the desert, are invited to do so. Boys under twelve may ride on the immense elephant, one of the largest in captivity, but gentle as Mary's lamb. All come forward."

A group of boys went into the ring rather shyly, but when they were hoisted up on Pharaoh's back they laughed and screamed and clung to each other in great glee, and almost yelled when he began to walk slowly round the ring.

No little girls seemed to want to ride the camel, for none came forward; so a man, dressed like an Arab, led it round, and when he came to a little girl he stopped and pointed upward to the saddle. Now it happened that little Nora Bailey was the first he invited, and she shook her head. Jane Elliot giggled so that she could not be understood. Minet came next. Before she knew it her head bobbed "yes" and the man reached up his hand to help her from her high seat. She let herself be strapped into the funny saddle on the kneeling camel.

She wondered why she had to be fastened in, but with the camel's first movement she understood. Such jerking, jolting and shaking she had never before felt, and how she did wish she were safe on the ground once more! But she had started and she would finish, no matter what happened. When the beast was once on its feet, however, it set off at a slow pacing gait that rocked the little passenger in a pleasant way and rewarded her for the first shaking.

Minet was delighted with the swinging movement, the height above the ground and the strangeness of her position. To sit up there in the glare of light and march round like a show actor! She looked at the laughing faces of her friends on all sides, at the elephant with his load of boys ahead, at the elegant ringmaster in the centre, at—the ones she most wanted to see—her

father and mother just coming into the tent! Both of them were smiling and then father clapped his hands; the crowd took it up and Minet finished her ride in the splendor of applause. Surely there had never been such a thrilling experience!

On the way home Minet told her father about all the wonders of the evening from the entrance of the circus train to the grand conclusion. Mother and Mrs. Grand walked behind and talked with little laughs, just like girls, so that they did not hear Minet say to her father, "It was the loveliest treat of all my life because I earned the money for my ticket my very own self."

A STRANGE KITTEN

By Mrs. Cleon Sundby

"I HAVEN'T seen Tabby round the house today," said Katherine's mother. "Why don't you take a peep into her box?" Katherine went over to the corner of the porch where Tabby's box was kept and looked



"She's trying to tell you all about it"

inside. Then she gave a cry of delight and called Frances to come and look, for there were three of the tiniest, dearest little kittens that Katherine had ever seen. Frances wanted to play with them right away, but mother said, "If you handle them too much, old Tabby may carry them off and hide them."

That was hard for Katherine and Frances to remember. On the next day and the days following they made many visits to the old box in the corner of the porch. Finally after much coaxing the little girls promised to leave the kittens alone until their eyes opened. And then a dreadful thing happened. One morning Frances and Katherine found that the little gray kitten was gone.

"What do you think has become of it, mother?" Frances asked. "Do you suppose Tabby thinks that we are bothering her too much and is going to hide her kittens?"

"No, I hardly think so. Richard said that the little gray one was dead, and so Tabby must have taken it away."

"Oh!" cried both little girls together.

"Never mind," said mother. "Now each of you may have one, and that will be enough to keep round the house."

Soon after that father said the kittens would be able to see very soon now.

Tabby was a restless cat. She roamed round the house mournfully and seemed always to be looking for something. Toward evening one day Richard saw her hurrying home with something in her mouth. He thought that she had caught a mouse.

"Well, well," said father. "She must be going to give her babies a fine feast in honor of their getting their eyes open."

The little girls were much excited about the feast that the family was to have. They watched Tabby carry her treasure to the box and lay it down beside the kittens.

Little Lady Hoptoad

Verse and
Drawing

by Elizabeth
Jenkins



*Little Lady Hoptoad, I saw her pass,
Hunting for a little fly down in the grass.
She seemed to like it, ate it with delight.
Then she gobbled up a bug without one bite.*

*Little Lady Hoptoad outgrew her clothes;
Where she left her old ones goodness only knows.
Each new dress was jeweled, prettier than the last.
Little Lady Hoptoad, how do you grow so fast?*

*Little Lady Hoptoad, what do you think she did?
Dug a little cellar hole and in it went and hid;
Hid away from autumn winds, blowing loud and cold;
Made a little winter home deep beneath the mould.*

*There she dreamed of summer nights—and the firefly's glow
While far up above her lay the fleecy snow;
But when the new spring blossoms tossed in April rain
Little Lady Hoptoad came creeping out again!*

"That isn't a mouse," said Katherine. "That's a little baby rabbit, and it's alive."

Tabby walked round the box, looking at it. Then she came to Katherine, who was holding a bowl in her lap, and sat down in front of her.

"She's trying to tell you all about it," said mother. "She was so sad when she lost one of her own babies that she went out and found this little rabbit to take its place."

Tabby went back into her box and drew her babies up to her and settled down contentedly for a nap.

The next day kitties and bunny were blinking and winking at one another and Tabby was happy in watching their first play. The little rabbit was not so lively as the little kittens.

After supper the question of feeding him was brought up.

"I'm afraid he will starve," Katherine said. "I think I shall try to feed him with milk from a spoon," said mother.

The little rabbit drank from the spoon and nibbled at some lettuce and clover that Frances put down before him. Tabby looked on approvingly, and when bunny had had enough she coaxed him into her box again and purred and snuggled him up close to her. He seemed to enjoy being snuggled up, as Katherine called it, and so she suggested that he be named "Snuggles," and he was. He and Tabby's babies had many merry romps together, and the children wondered whether Snuggles didn't think that he was really a little kitten.

OVER TEN STEEPLES

By Louise Ayres Garnett

*Over ten steeples at the curve of a sea
Is a potful of gold from a far countree;
From a far countree is a potful of gold
As brimming with treasure as pot can hold.*

*To reach it and keep it you have to climb
A runaway hill in the green springtime;
In the green springtime you must climb a hill
That dips to the valley land cool and still.*

*And when you have come to the curve of the sea
You wish a glad wishing and count up to three;
You count up to three and wish with your might,
And the potful of gold you will find that night.*

*The pot is of yellow within and without
And pours forth its stream from a gay little snout;
From a gay little snout it empties a stream
As free as the bubbles upon your dream!*

THE RAG DOLL

By Stella Hugus Peterson

EDITH MAY stood by the window and looked out into the bright sunshine. Her face, usually so bright and happy, was drawn into an ugly frown. It was Edith May's birthday, and she had wished for a large doll with long brown curls like Edytha's. Edytha lived next door, and the little girls had wonderful times playing on the lawn in the summer time, or giving little tea parties and making dresses for their dolls when it was too cold to play outdoors.

She turned away from the window to look at the lovely gifts she had received. There was a little ivory bed with brass ornaments for Lady Jane, a doll buggy for the Campbell twins, a little trunk of pretty clothes for Rosebud and a new sailor suit for Jimmy. Then there was an automobile and a tricycle for use out of doors, besides many small gifts from her little friends.

"I am sorry, dear, that you are disappointed," said mother. "But you have so many pretty dolls that father and I decided on other things, and I am sure Lady Jane is much larger than Edytha's dolly and just as pretty."

"I wanted brown curls," Edith May pouted. "Lady Jane has horrid old yellow hair," and she pulled one of the doll's flaxen curls.

"I'm afraid I have a very naughty little girl, but isn't that Uncle Guy coming in at the big gate?" said mother.

Edith May began to feel ashamed of herself when she heard Uncle Guy's hearty laugh in the hall.

In a few minutes he came into the room. "Good morning, little Sunshine, and a happy

birthday to you. Well, well, what's the trouble? Looks as if the raindrops were about to fall."

Edith May hung her head and did not say anything. Under Uncle Guy's kind looks and smile her troubles were beginning to look very small.

Many a little child in the hospital wards waited eagerly for that same kind smile, and pain was forgotten for a while when they listened to his cheerful words.

Mother looked at Edith May and then showed Uncle Guy the pretty toys and explained the trouble. She laid Lady Jane in his arms. "Do you think brown curls would be prettier?"

"No, indeed," Uncle Guy answered. "I prefer children that have hair like sunshine. How many children have you, May Day? Is this dolly with the yellow curls Lady Jane?"

"Yes," answered Edith May slowly, "and there are Rosebud; the twins, Jack and Jill; the sailor boy, Jimmy; and baby Evelyn in the crib."

"You're just like 'the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do.' How would you like just one dolly?"

"O Uncle Guy, you are joking! How could a little girl play with just one doll?"

"Ask mother if you may go with me on one of my calls," said Uncle Guy, "and I will show you the sweetest doll in the world."

Mother brought Edith May's hat, and soon the little girl was seated beside Uncle Guy in his car.

Past the large houses with beautiful lawns and flowers they drove till the houses began to get smaller and smaller. At last they stopped in front of a tiny white house not much larger than a doll house, Edith May thought. They followed the little path that led to the front door, and Uncle Guy knocked. It was opened by a lady who welcomed them with a sweet smile.

"How do you do, Mrs. Linley? This is my little niece. I brought her to see Patsy."

Mrs. Linley laughed and said it was kind of Dr. Grey to bring a visitor to see Hilda and Patsy. Then she led them into a tiny room that was very clean and nearly filled with flowers and plants of the simple old-fashioned kind. In a wheel chair sat a little girl about the age of Edith May.

The child held a bundle clasped tight in her arms, and her little pale face was lighted up with a smile as she held out her hand to Dr. Grey and spoke shyly to Edith May.

"And this is Patsy," said Uncle Guy, taking the bundle from her arms.

Hilda watched him with proud eyes while he unwrapped a little faded shawl from a large rag doll. One embroidered eye was larger than the other; the nose was slightly out of place, and the mouth was very large; but Hilda hugged the dolly close when Uncle Guy gave it back to her.

As they were speeding homeward Edith May touched Uncle Guy's arm. He looked down into her eager little face. "Uncle Guy, I am going to send Lady Jane to Hilda."

"No, Sunshine, that would hurt her feelings, for no doll could be so beautiful to her as Patsy. But, as Lady Jane already has a comfortable bed, you might send Hilda the new one."

Edith May sighed just a tiny sigh, for the new bed was beautiful. But the next day a large box filled with many things besides the bed found its way to Hilda's home.

When Uncle Guy told her of the joy in that cottage she thought of the rag doll's queer little face and hugged Lady Jane tight in her arms as she whispered in her waxen ear, "I love yellow curls better'n anything."

FAIRY ANTICS

By Ethel M. Brainerd

*Did you ever go out walking
In the misty morning air,
And on the grass and bushes*

*See cobwebs hanging fair,
Of softest lace, all studded*

*With diamonds clear and bright,
And wonder how those perfect things
Could come there in a night?*

Just bend your ear and listen

*While I whisper, soft and low
(For it's a magic secret*

That just a few may know).

The fairies went in bathing

In the mists that floated by

And left their filmy bathing suits

A-hanging there to dry!



NUTS TO CRACK

1. PECULIAR INSECTS

Behold an insect and rearrange the remains, and you will have another insect that can always be found at the head of a certain fleet animal and at the back of a large, slow animal.

Cut a large insect in half and find that one of the halves is an insect of another kind. Rearrange a certain insect and get the feet of animals, or cut off its head and get a reptile.

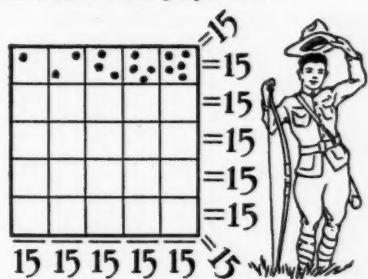
Cut off a third of a certain insect and a musical instrument will remain.

2. TARGET PUZZLE

The members of a certain boys' club worked out a unique archery game for themselves. They divided their number into two teams of five members each. Each team was provided with a target that was marked off into twenty-five equal squares. Each boy was to have one row of squares and fifteen shots and was to hit the target in such a way that no two squares should contain the same number of hits and that no two horizontal rows should have hits grouped in the same way.

The two teams began to shoot at the same moment. The side that first succeeded in filling its target properly was to be the winner.

When the boys closely examined the winning target at the end of the contest they were astonished to find that not only each of the horizontal rows but each of the vertical rows and each of the diagonal rows had a total of fifteen shots. Moreover, in no two vertical or horizontal columns were the shots grouped alike.



The picture shows the winning target as it looked when the first archer had placed all his shots. Can you figure out how the rest of the shots were distributed?

3. RIDDLE

I am a vehicle large and light,
I am a toy for a child;
Another toy in my midst is found,
And a strange bird, weird and wild.

I travel on neither land nor sea,
Yet I travel very far;
And I never carry a bird or a toy,
Though in me still they are.

4. FORTY-FIVE FISHES

In the following extract from a diary the names of forty-five different fishes and other sea creatures are concealed. The letters that spell the names are not transposed but can be read in the proper order. Can you find the fishes?

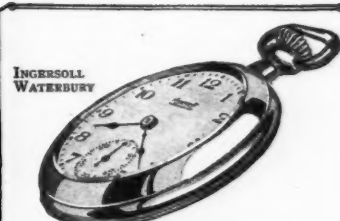
Boniton, April 4, 1921.
When Mac's ship, Blue Bess, had docked he kept his word and, when he had paid his call opposite, brought his little pale wife Ada to see us; also, a souvenir of his trip, Ike, a chubby, rollicking old monkey—no slim pet. Our poor Pol lacks courage to face Ike. She says "Hark!" and clammers up her cage to grasp other support; when he cuts a caper, changes her position and starts to scuttle round, ogling and beginning to fly in great haste. Ike, with his melting grin, offers his almond and rummages for more, and Ada offers her rings; but terrified Pol puts each toy sternly aside and continues to seem in no way happy, and to apprehend evil, the crabbed thing! Ike is awed.

Mac—odd how hale and well he feels, though so lean!—plans a picnic at Mansard in early summer if his car passes muster and a certain short route is open. He will finish his job as soon as possible; then his cup will be full. He does not care a whit, ever, for city life; is unhappy in town.

Only one long ray lingers; I must stop.

5. ENIGMA

No merchant I, but I keep my stock
Behind a true and trusty lock.
No auctioneer, and yet the charge
Beneath my hammer's often large.
I serve in war, I stay at home,
Go off and through the woodland roam.
I carry loads the best I can
And earn a living for a man.
I sometimes kick, I often kill.
Now guess this riddle if you will.



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Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
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I KNOW A GARDEN

By Nancy Byrd Turner



*I know a garden; safe it lies
From straying feet and curious eyes,
But you may find it if you search:
A garden that is like a church
On sweetly solemn afternoons
Of gentle Junes.*

*The worshipers stand all so still
That I can count them when I will:
Cornflowers gay in fringed frocks,
Delphiniums in fine blue smocks,
Petunias pinked, and ranks of tall,
Beruffled, slender hollyhocks;
Daisies in starched white bonnets; small
Sweet Williams grouped beside the wall,
Snapdragons in their very best
And many a little nameless bloom
That, nudging in among the rest,
Finds somehow elbowroom.*

*Once in a while a wind is heard
As quiet as a Scripture word;
Now and again a bee's low croon
Is like an old hymn's tender tune;
And sometimes silence settles there,
A tranquil silence long unstirred,
As perfect as a prayer.*

*The congregation bend and wait
The benediction, still, sedate.
Not all of them are orthodox.
The wee pinks whisper to the phlox
When, halting in the open gate
With sidewise head and questioning eye,
A skeptic robin lingers late
To listen doubtfully.
Sometimes a jeweled butterfly,
An utter worldling, passes by,
Flouting the sermon; poppies nod
(And yet they have their dream of God),
But roses bend in all their beauty
To think sweet thoughts of love and duty;
Each pansy lifts a reverent face,
Petitioning for gift of grace,
And even little outcast weeds
Present their humble, piteous needs
In that most lovely place—
That garden holy as a church,
That is not meant for careless eyes,
Though you may find it when you search
If you are wise.*

THE WRONG SIDE

I REMEMBER well, writes a contributor, an incident of childhood that has held a lesson for me ever since. I had gone to mother to ask what I should do to pass an idle afternoon. She said that she was going to wash windows and that I might help her. She told me to wash the pantry window first, because it was the dirtiest.

I got the short stepladder and began work on the outside. I worked away till I was sure the window must be perfectly clean; then with a dry cloth I rubbed till my arms were tired. But the window did not look much better than before; it was still soiled. At last I asked mother what was the matter.

She came at once and at the first glance smiled and said, "Why, you have been washing the wrong side! That dirt is on the inside of the glass."

I went into the house, and soon the window was bright and clean.

As I think of the incident now the words come to me: "Ye shall be holy; for I am holy." And I remember the words of Jesus to his disciples: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

How far we are from holiness and perfection! And yet nothing less than holiness and perfection will satisfy Him. How are we to accomplish it? After looking at the sorrow and misery and despair of those who have tried in vain to cleanse the soul by penances and sacrifices and one outward means after another we go back to the Heavenly Father who set us to our task and ask why we have failed. And the Father in love and compassion replies, "You have been washing the outside only. Take the blood of Christ, the perfect cleanser, and apply it to the soul within, and the window will shine as bright as crystal."

A HOME TO SHARE

CICILY COLVER, bride of four months, answered the postman's ring and returned with a single letter. "It's for you, Rob," she announced, "and the queerest writing! It surely must be from an aged client."

Her husband took the letter, frowning. "I ought to know that writing," he said as he cut it open. "Why, of course! It's from Cousin Abbie Berry, bless her! I haven't heard from her for

years. She's the one I've told you about who used to give us youngsters such glorious times out on the farm. Why, Cicily, she wants to come and make us a visit! I shouldn't have supposed a four-horse team could drag her to town. Well, one thing's certain, we'll give her the time of her life!"

"But, Rob, how can we?" Cicily cried. "You know when we took this apartment we agreed that we'd have to give up having guests."

"Guests, yes, but Cousin Abbie—why, Cicily, Cousin Abbie is one of the family! When I think how she used to turn her house upside down for us—surely we can find a place for her to sleep! I know you'll work it out, Cis; I've got to run now. We'll write to Cousin Abbie tonight. Good-by."

At the corner he turned and lifted his hat with a gay little flourish; he had not noticed the storm signals in Cicily's eyes.

Walking through the little apartment, the young wife was in a tumult of rebellion. Manifestly they couldn't put Cousin Abbie into the dining room or the kitchen. There remained only their own room and the library. "We just can't!" she cried. "I thought Rob understood when we took it. He's got to see, that's all!"

Cicily dropped down on the arm of Rob's big chair. It was so provoking that he did not understand. Cousin Abbie of course had a big house and plenty of room. People in the country always have room!

Cicily sat up straight as a multitude of memories came crowding into her mind—sweet, warm, generous memories of her childhood back in the friendly town where there was a welcome for every guest, rich or poor. Were she and Rob in danger of losing the beautiful spirit of home sharing, the very heart of life? She drew a long breath.

"To think of building selfishness into our home like that!" she said to herself. "How could I? As if one could have a real home and not share it!"

THE SECOND DOCTOR

ACCOUNTS of an aviator's thrilling trip from Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, to an icebound island in Lake Michigan were printed early in the year by newspapers all over the country. The mother of an injured man, a woodsman who had fractured his skull on Beaver Island, had sent an appeal to the commander at the aviation field, reporting that on account of thin ice physicians were unable to reach her son. Battling against wintry blasts and blinding snow, Lieutenant Meredith completed a trip of two hundred and forty-one miles to Charlevoix in less than three hours, picked up a physician there and reached the island in time for the doctor to perform a successful operation.

A contributor sends us another part of the story quite as thrilling as that printed in the newspapers. Another appeal for help, sent out before the one received at the field, reached a physician living in a small inland town about forty miles from the island. Believing that help would not come from any other source, the doctor resolved to try the drive across the ice.

The distance from the mainland to the island by a direct line is not more than twenty-five miles, but because of open water and floating ice he had, at the outset, to go far to the north toward the Strait of Mackinac, where the ice was more compact. All day long the doctor and the man who was driving his sleigh wound their way back and forth across the ice, seeking out the safest course. At nightfall, after having driven at least fifty miles, they reached the island.

The doctor at once hastened to find the injured man. "Where is he? Does he still live?" he asked, and then he learned what had happened during the eleven hours he had spent traveling across the lake. The patient had been cared for, and the first physician was probably already safe at home. But the second trip was not entirely useless, for there was an epidemic of influenza in the island village, and the belated doctor gave relief to several patients.

He had planned to return home the following morning, but during the night a terrific gale rose from the southwest and lasted well into the next day. Hour by hour it softened the ice in the channel and piled the floes into miniature mountains.

By mid-afternoon the temperature began to drop and continued dropping throughout the night. The next morning the doctor and his driver, accompanied by the island mail carrier, started for the mainland. They were supplied with a rather unusual emergency outfit. In the sleigh were long planks to bridge open-water spaces that were too wide for a horse to jump. The leading horse wore a rope tied in a slip noose round his neck; one end was tied to the back of the sleigh. The arrangement was for choking the animal if he fell into deep water; thus, filled with air, he would float until rescued. A pulley and tackle were carried for that emergency. Moreover, the party were well supplied with food.

The trip home was much more hazardous than the trip out. Mountains of ice from twelve to thirty feet high, piled up by the gale and frozen into place, made it impossible to see far ahead. Moreover, a haze of snow was in the air and hid the numerous cracks. In the afternoon one of the horses, failing to measure the distance accurately as he stepped over a break, allowed his hind feet to slip back into the water. There was a thrilling struggle before he recovered his footing. Much of the time, some one went ahead with an axe to test the ice. At one place the water splashed up through as soon as the first blow was struck.

Traveling in that careful but tedious manner, the doctor in the early evening came at last to the mainland village that he had left three days before. His home was still twelve miles away. The thermometer had dropped to zero, and the wind was bitterly cold. After getting his own horse, he continued his trip alone.

The venture was an unusually picturesque illustration of the quiet, fearless, unselfish devotion to duty and to his fellow men that is characteristic of the "general practitioner" of medicine in almost any community.

ANOTHER SNAKE THAT SWALLOWED ITS YOUNG

FROM the University of Oklahoma there comes to us interesting corroboration of a story that The Companion printed last winter about a snake that swallowed her young to protect them from danger. Our correspondent, who has also communicated his observation to the American Museum of Natural History, writes as follows:

One morning as I was going to work on my farm in southern Michigan I came upon a blue racer about five feet long stretched at full length on a close-pastured June grass sod. About thirty inches in front of her and at one side were five or six young snakes perhaps five inches long. As I looked the old snake opened her mouth and gave a low hiss, and the young snakes glided toward her and disappeared one after another into her mouth.

After watching the snake a few minutes I killed and opened her and found the young snakes in the intestines. However, I was not very careful in my dissection, for at that time I was not aware of the scientific value of my observations. When the young came out they were apparently as lively as ever. They remained near the carcass for some time, but some of them finally died. Whether any survived I cannot say.

These observations are particularly interesting because herpetologists do not generally believe that snakes swallow their young. The act has never been observed among snakes in captivity; nor has a trained observer in the field ever seen the complete act. Some kinds of snakes are egg layers; with some the young are born. In most cases that have been reported the snake has been of the second kind, and herpetologists have thought that the young taken from the body were unborn. They thought, moreover, that the observer had been deceived in thinking that the little snakes went into the mouth of the old one, but that they probably went beneath her and disappeared, for they are adept at hiding. In the case I observed that could not have been so, for the blue racer is an egg-laying snake.



*Reports from canine marts are scant,
And I am frankly puzzled
Why this is so, unless it be
Because the press is muzzled.*

*Than that "Industrials were slow"
I'd find it more attractive
To be informed that yesterday
Fox terriers were active.*

*Small heed I'd give to slumps in steel;
For I should be content
To learn that field dogs gained a point,
Or bloodhounds lost a scent.*

*I'd turn from news of stocks and bonds
And wheat and pork and noodles
To read how certain Boston bulls
Had cornered chows or poodles.*

*When scanning the commercial page,
Would it not be enthralling
To chance upon a headline there
That shouted "Skyes are falling?"*

*Reports from canine marts would fill
A need beyond all question.
Now do not laugh; for I present
A Sirius suggestion.*

THEE AND YOU

"THE flavor of Quakerism is delicate and elusive," declared Mrs. Lillie Chace Wyman recently, discussing in the Boston Herald the more or less successful attempts of outsiders to render the character and idiom of the Friends in literature. "Quakers do not use our various titles of courtesy, Mr. and Mrs., Miss and Madam, but they have their own ways of implying respect or deference. The word friend is sometimes prefixed to a name in place of a courtesy title. In my circle, however, the most ceremonious way to address mere acquaintances

or persons much older than the speaker was to call them by their full names. Thus to Whittier's cousin I said, 'Joseph Cartland, is it so-and-so?'

"The use of 'thee,' according to common Quaker habit, dowrs that accusative pronoun with the dignity of the nominative case and then bestows upon it for predicate the singular form of its appropriate verb in the third person. But there were many diversities in the most standardized Quaker speech. Mr. Whittier used a curious and rather local dialect. 'Are thee afraid of the poison ivy?' he asked me on the Appledore Island, which is overrun with the plant.

"One evening Mrs. Celia Thaxter let her impulses riot in the dramatic telling of ghost stories. I was there in a party of which Mr. Whittier was the social head. He began to fidget and after a while he broke up the gathering in a most decided manner and swept the whole flock of us away with him. When we were outside in the moonlight he said to me gravely: 'Were thee frightened?'

"With unwilling sincerity I admitted the truth, of which I was ashamed, that ghost stories always made me a little nervous.

"I thought thee were,' he replied sympathetically, yet as if he felt satisfied because his discernment had been proved to be correct. However, I had really wanted to stay and be frightened some more.

"Mr. Whittier loved the language of his ancestral faith. Once I stood with him and another man on the piazza of the Appledore Hotel. Something led to my explaining the principle on which I said thee to one person and you to another. Mr. Whittier smiled gently and, drawing his own inference from my explanation, said with a slight emphasis, 'She says thee to me.'

In another Quaker family where the rule of plain speech was not strictly enforced or employed commonly in intercourse with "the world's people" an incident in the nursery showed amusingly how dearly it was beloved nevertheless. Even little Quakers are not always angelically serene, and two lively youngsters had quarreled with most un-Quakerly vigor. At the height of the quarrel one hurled at the other a dreadful epithet—an epithet of utterly crushing and contemptuous repudiation. He shouted furiously: "Thee little you, thee!"

CROWING IN DEFEAT

THE Chinese always like to tell a story, writes a contributor, that shows wit triumphant over valor; a soldier fooled by a civilian is, they think, always a thing to chuckle at. In the following tale of two Chinese soldiers it is the less valorous one that triumphs; therefore it is funny:

In the olden days in China every city was fortified with a high wall. The gates of the city were opened each morning and were closed each evening, and, since there were no clocks to strike the hour, the keeper of the gates would open them in the morning when the cock crew.

When two cities disagreed the quarrel was settled by sending out a leading warrior from each place to contend in single-handed combat midway between. On one occasion two men were fighting thus when one of them, realizing that he was being defeated, started to run back to his city for protection. His antagonist pursued him hotly.

As the fugitive drew near the city he happened to think that the gates would be closed. Suddenly increasing his speed, he began at the top of his voice to crow like a rooster!

The gatekeeper, who was lying half awake inside, sprang to his feet. Cockcrow! Morning! Time to open the gates! In much haste he swung them outward, and in dashed the fugitive—saved, not by the strength of his arms, but by the strength of his voice and by his ready wit.

TWO LIVES SAVED; TWO TEMPERS LOST

A STOUT, determined-looking man reached the station just as the train was pulling out. He ran down the platform, seized the handrail of a coach and was about to hop aboard when some one clutched him by the coat tails. It was a brakeman, very angry and blustering.

"There, I've saved your life," the brakeman said. "Don't ever try to hop a train when it's in motion!"

Then as the train continued to gather speed the brakeman skillfully swung himself on the steps of the last coach; but the stout man caught his coat and plucked him off like a ripe peach.

"You saved my life," said the stout man, grinning. "Allow me to save yours."

And the train disappeared round the curve.

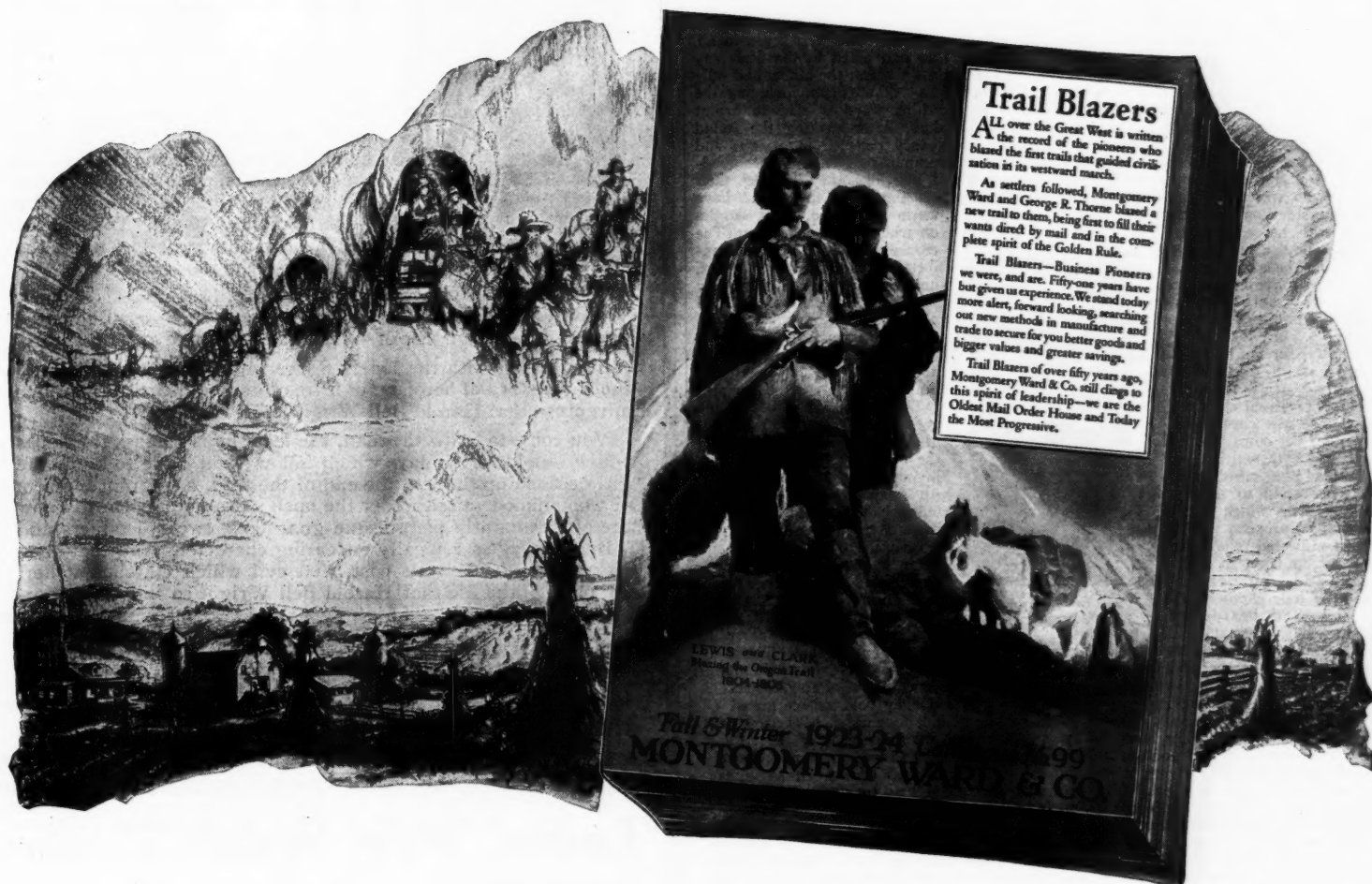
SAFETY FIRST FOR BOBBY

IN spite of repeated warnings little Bobby persisted in driving nails into blocks and boards. He had arrived at the play-at-carpenter stage. One morning, says the Savannah News, his father heard the familiar pounding and, looking out, saw Bobby busily banging away; his little sister Mary was down beside him, apparently looking on.

"Haven't I told you, Bobby, that you will mash your fingers if you drive nails?" his father asked. "Yes, I know you did, father, but you see Mary's holding the nail," replied the boy.

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IN QUAIN T JAPAN

By Susan Amory

ONE of the quaintest sights in that quaint land of Japan is a monkey theatre.

There are several organized troupes of monkeys that travel about the country and perform in the small temples of the towns that they stop at. My head boy, or butler, came one day to tell me that such a troupe was performing in the town of X and asked whether I would not like to go and see the spectacle. I said I would and sent him to take a box; then I invited the small Japanese children of our compound to come with me; they were the head boy's three-year-old daughter, my maid's ten-year-old daughter, the cook's son and a young person of about ten years who was the bosom friend of my maid's daughter and who came and played sedately with her every day.

The head boy came too, to "explain," as he said. He was a clever, educated man, my help, my counselor and my comfort, but he never overcame the letter "L." He brought one of our chairs for me to sit on, as I had not yet mastered the knack of squatting for hours on the flattest of flat cushions.

The temple was a modest affair; part of the courtyard had been covered with matting, and two pens had been raised a little above the ground to serve as boxes. My chair, which since I was the only European was the only one, towered above the other seats. In front of me in a brightly-clad, well-behaved row sat the four children; the butler squatted beside me. Gradually some time later I

saw all of our servants dropping in modestly; my ricksha man gave the finishing touch to the highly-domestic group. I wondered who had stayed at home, but was sure that the head boy had provided for every emergency.

The performance began. The leading lady monkey was ushered in and good-naturedly bowed all round. She was a very nice lady indeed and was dressed in a gold embroidered, black velvet kimono with the extra long sleeves that court ladies used to wear and with an elaborate wig decorated with pins and flowers. Then came the monkey that played the part of the elderly father; he was disguised as a common boatman.

The story of the play was this: A beautiful court lady wishes to cross a ferry to meet her lover on the other side of the river, but the ferryman refuses to take her. She implores him; she casts herself at his feet; she weeps and stretches out her arms to him, and at last he consents to take her in his boat if she will give him one of the pins that adorn her headdress. She gives it to him with alacrity and then gets into his sampan and is rowed across. On the other side she meets her lover, whom the ferryman, a rather incomprehensible person, promptly kills. After that unhappy incident she throws herself weeping on the dead body.

The dramatic effect was somewhat marred by each monkey's being tied by the neck to its respective master, who by twitches and pulls showed what the monkey was to do. If an occasional twitch was a little sharper than usual, the monkey would turn with a furious look and say things to its owner. The lady especially was short-tempered and would jabber insults to her man in the midst of the most harrowing scene. She went down on her knees, prostrated herself, wept in her long sleeves before the obdurate ferryman, and when finally she handed him her head pin her wig came a little undone and for the rest of the performance remained rakishly set on one side of her head. The boatman, a stolid, elderly monkey, was much better tempered. While she was imploring him he remained absorbed in a hunt for something under his coat, he would scratch himself in an absent way whenever his master jerked him to order.

The rowing across was splendid, considering that it was done over solid matting without anyone's moving an inch. The lady sat huddled up in the boat and kept a bright angry eye on the master. The lover was shy—lovers often are—and hung back when he had to come forward with a lantern, which seemed to trouble him a good deal. He wished the killing business over as soon as

possible—so much was plain—and jabbered wildly at his keeper before the tragedy and at his ladylove when she flung herself weeping on his body. Meanwhile the sampan man was busy investigating the results of his scratching.

The death of the lover ended the first play. The second began with a general display of the actors, of whom there were seven in all. The three who had acted in the first play were evidently the stars; the others had only secondary rôles. All of them, including the lady, appeared as warriors clad in armor and riding dogs. After making the round of the stage, they engaged in a fight and charged at one another. The dogs were good-tempered and obliging; they wagged their tails the whole time, but they must have been pretty warm under the velvet saddles on which the monkeys sat. The monkeys looked very uncomfortable, especially one that, holding an open fan in his paw and looking on, acted as a kind of umpire. I thought I recognized the lover in the preceding play, but costumes change monkeys as well as people a good deal.

The sedateness of my young guests had been wearing out gradually, and by the time of the second play they were enjoying themselves tremendously. An accommodating sweet-stuff seller had hoisted his wares toward us, and I had bought a quantity of pink and white sugar butterflies. The children appreciated them very much. But during the last performance some mischievous imp tempted one of our party to

throw some of them on the stage. The effect was magical. Dog horses forgot their official prance and jumped about nimbly to pick up the sweets; monkey soldiers scrambled off their steeds and, flinging aside their swords, ran about on all fours, entirely forgetful of everything except to stuff as many butterflies as possible into their cheeks. The scrimmage was splendid; they fought with thorough earnestness over each piece, and the spectators thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

I engaged the troupe to come to my compound the next day to be photographed—a thing that proved to be more difficult than I had imagined, for the lover had taken a violent dislike to me and would stealthily watch for an opportunity for biting. The camera too made them all uncomfortable—all except the old ferryman, who, having a never-failing source of interest in his scratching, ignored everything else.

They departed, stuffed with chocolates, which they appreciated at first taste. Each monkey sat on his keeper's shoulder, and the dogs trotted cheerfully behind—a quaint group in a quaint country.

AN INNOCENT SPY

IN time of war it is easy to suspect every stranger who has the aspect of a foreigner of being a spy. A large part of the work of the intelligence departments consists in running down false scents. Sir Basil Thomson, late director of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, tells in his book *Queer People* some amusing stories to illustrate that truth.

On one occasion a staid couple came down to denounce a waiter in one of the large hotels and brought documentary evidence with them. It was a menu with a rough sketch plan in pencil made on the back. They believed it to be a plan of Kensington Gardens with the palace buildings roughly delineated by an oblong figure. They had seen the waiter in the act of drawing the plan at an unoccupied table.

I sent for him and found before me a spruce little Swiss with his hair cut so that it looked like a brush. Much astonished, he gave me a frank account of all his movements, and then I produced the plan. He gazed at it a moment and then burst out laughing.

"So this is where my plan went! Yes, monsieur, I made it, and then I lost it. You see, I am new to the hotel, and in order to satisfy the head waiter I made for myself privately a plan of the tables, and marked a cross against those I had to look after."



The boatman—he of the scratching

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S NEW NOVEL

The Mine with the Iron Door



IT is a romance of adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells you in this novel. The scene is laid in the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Strange stories drift about that region, and thither many men have come—Spaniards, explorers, priests, Indians, cattlemen and adventurers from every land—who have mounted its heights, up and up under the wide skies, over the vast deserts, upon the wild mountains, to the mighty Candá del Oro—the Cañon of Gold. Today men still hear of the great lost mine, the "mine with the iron door."

A man wanders into this cañon, up its trail as the sun is sinking. The only eye to see him is that of an Indian standing silhouetted against the sky, a figure of mystery and romance and adventure.

This scene, with the lonely figure in the majestic open, precludes the story of heroism, of love, of human hearts, of glorious adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells.

You come to know the man, the fears he is fleeing, the hopes which unfold in the days which follow; you come to know the girl he finds up there at the end of the trail, a fragrant blossom of womanhood raised under the open skies; you come to know the girl's quaintly picturesque guardians, two old miners and "Dr. Jimmy," a typically endearing character. And that mystery of the girl Marta's past, that evil which clutches at her, are parts of the life that Harold Bell Wright so inimitably portrays in this romance of high hopes and valiant living.

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"WATER POWER"

By W. F. Skerrye

"I WANT work; I don't care what it is, or how hard. Only give me work."

In three days Jerry Hudson had repeated this twenty-nine times to no purpose. But the thirtieth time, on the morning of the fourth day, won him a place with the yard gang at the new elevator works in East Boston. Although old one-eyed Tom Maginnis, the foreman, had turned away other applicants that morning, he took Jerry at his word and wrote his name in the time book.

"For," said Tom to his wife at dinner, "that's the way I invaded this methropolis meself forty years ago."

During those years Maginnis had garnered stores of severely practical wisdom that made him an autocrat in his own sphere. With a word or a nod he set up and cast down at will. "If you once get to leeward of him," his intimate acquaintances along the water front used to say, "it's a hard beat back."

For many days he took no apparent notice of Jerry, who, seeing nothing in the daily round to distinguish him from others, soon began to experience the impatience and the discontent that every energetic and ambitious man feels when he is counted as merely one of the crowd. But Maginnis's one blue eye had not failed to notice Jerry's discreet, efficient activity, and a day came when he chose him to help begin the work of pulling down an old disused warehouse to make room for a new one.

"Here, Jerry, me son," he said, "you're the youngest. Shin aloft there an' saw thim cross braces under the roof and be sure ye stop whin I sing out."

Jerry climbed up to the cross braces and began to work. A little later, when Maginnis shouted to him, he thought that a few more cuts would save much labor afterwards and did not at once obey. The manner in which Maginnis repeated the order left him no choice, and when he reached the floor Maginnis said:

"Me boy, there's one thing ye've got to learn, if you're goin' to work for me, an' that is to obey orders. Whin I say 'stop,' stop!"

It was not easy, however, for Jerry and the hard-headed old gang boss to arrive at an understanding. If Maginnis backed an order with an oath, Jerry resented it, not in deed but in manner; and half in revenge, half by way of taking his man's measure, Maginnis increased the severity of his commands and the force of his speech.

The first clash arose when Jerry was tending the guy rope of a derrick, and the trailing end of the line fouled while a huge beam was in mid-air.

"Cut it!" shouted Maginnis. Instead of obeying, Jerry ran back to clear it. He did not like to spoil a new manila rope to save a minute when there were minutes to spare.

"Cut it!" roared Maginnis again angrily. But the guy was now cleared, and they lowered the beam without delay.

Jerry thought that he had acted creditably, but his foreman thought differently and with withering sarcasm said, "You're young an' tندر fur such dangerous work; ye'll do better at tossing bricks." Then he sent him with the brick cart.

There was variety in the work that Jerry had been doing; but now all day he tossed bricks two at a time to his mate, or trudged, moody and alone, by the side of the rattling cart. Most of his companions were no better than their work; and, seeing that he inwardly held aloof from them, they made him the scapegoat for their incompetency and carelessness. If the tale of bricks was not complete, or the percentage of breakage unnecessarily large, they blamed him.

To all their accusations Maginnis listened with a foreboding air of content. He readily guessed the truth, but, being always disposed to let the men settle their own differences, he awaited the end with pleasant anticipations.

It arrived on the morning after the foreman discovered that yesterday's haul of ten thousand bricks, which had been left standing piled as high as a man's head, lay in a ruinous heap. Only one way of escape seemed open. While Jerry was quietly getting ready for work a deputation of the more brazen fellows went to Maginnis and boldly declared that it was all Jerry's fault.

"So ye've been informin' me for some time," said Maginnis, "an', faith, I'm beginnin' to believe it. But if one man can do about all that's done, I don't need ten. The rest

of ye can go." Then and there the yard gang was reduced by ten much astonished men.

Maginnis called Jerry and said shortly, "Ye'll take Clarke an' McCarthy to help ye an' clear up those bricks, what's left of 'em."

"All right," said Jerry; but he could not refrain from darting an astonished glance at the speaker, for the words meant that the foreman had given him another chance, a favor that he knew was not often granted.

Clarke knew it too; and no sooner were he and McCarthy beyond the foreman's sight and hearing than he declared that he would not take orders from a boy. Of course, they could have done the work while Clarke sat by and looked on triumphantly as he confidently expected to do. At an earlier period of his experience Jerry would have taken that way; but he had learned the necessity of law to the lawless. His orders were to do the work with the help of the two men, and he was determined to obey them—especially since he

sight of him they ceased talking. That seemed rather unusual, but he was too fully occupied with other matters to consider it. Walking over to where the men stood, he said, "Well, men, I s'pose you've heard."

"We have, me lard," replied Clarke, with mock gravity that caused a laugh.

"I'm glad of it," said Jerry; "it'll save me the trouble of telling you. So now, if a dozen of you'll tumble over there into the lighter, we'll set about rigging a derrick."

But not a man "tumbled."

"Ye see, sonny," said Clarke in the same tone of mock respect, "we've been talking it over, an' we've concluded to take a holiday till Maginnis comes back. Ain't that it, boys?"

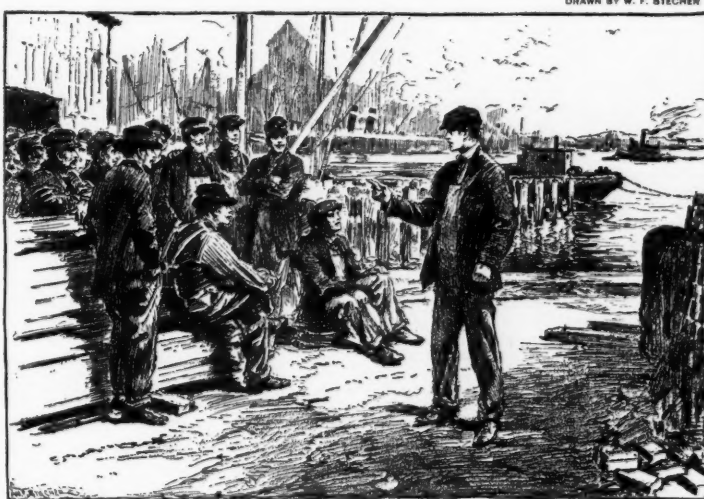
"Yes, that's it!" shouted the crowd.

For a moment Jerry was silent. In that moment he met his crisis and passed it.

"Men," he said, speaking quietly, "I'm boss here, and you know it. This work must be done now. I'll give you just two minutes to make up your minds."

Clarke and some of his associates jeered; but the larger part of the crowd was silent.

Jerry knew that there was no one in the



"Men," he said, speaking quietly . . . "I'll give you just two minutes to make up your minds"

suspected that Maginnis had thrown that particular responsibility upon him with a shrewd purpose.

When Jerry ordered the men to go to work, Clarke lighted his pipe. Though smoking in the yard was a violation of rules, he seated himself on a log, and, when Jerry repeated the order, continued to smoke. Jerry seized the helve of an axe, swung it smartly, narrowly missing Clarke's nose, and sent his pipe flying into the bay. As Clarke sprang to his feet, Jerry swung the helve again, and Clarke stopped the blow with his arm. With a howl of pain, he turned to run; but Jerry headed him off.

"You've broken my arm!" cried Clarke.

"Go to work or I'll break the other one," said Jerry in a menacing tone. Clarke was still quite able to use both arms, and he worked steadily until he had finished his part of the task.

When Jerry reported to Maginnis for further orders he did not mention the affair of the morning. But when they were done talking about business, Maginnis said as if it were an afterthought:

"Barrin' an ice pick or a rale old black-thorn shillalah, there's nothin' better to knock a man wid than an axe handle. Keep right on, me son; an' some day, hivin' knows whin, ye'll be vice president—of the yard. Ho, ho!"

After the new warehouse was finished they had to enlarge the yard area by building out over the water. But when they had driven the piles Maginnis was seized with rheumatism and compelled to take to his bed. The work stood still.

Time passed, and the company grew impatient. Fretting and fuming, but growing no better, the foreman finally sent for Jerry. "In hivin's name," he said, "get them stringers out an' set the men to work on the plankin', or they'll wear the life out o' me. Old Eastbourne himself was here this mornin', an' I had to tell 'im that you could do it as well as me, which I surely misdoubt."

When Jerry reached the yard, where the news of his commission had already spread, the men were gathered on the water front, engaged in earnest discussion. He could hear Clarke's voice above them all. As they caught

wide world to whom he could turn, and without even a faint notion how to meet the emergency he strode across the yard. Then suddenly his eyes fell upon the shed that held the big fire hose. He paused thoughtfully.

"Turn on the water, Jimmy, when I wave my hand, will you?" he said to a clerk a moment later. "We've got some washing to do."

He quickly screwed the hose to the hydrant and, with the nozzle in his hand, ran back to the narrow passageway flanked by the warehouse and by huge piles of lumber.

"Time's up, men," he said, dropping the hose and walking toward them. "I'll give you one more chance. Into the lighter with you, quick."

A few of the men moved uneasily toward the lighter, but the leader stopped them. Jerry ran back, waving his hand. He had scarcely snatched the big hose under his arm before a hissing stream shot out far over the heads of the startled men; then, as Jerry held the nozzle firmly, it drove into their ranks with a force that swept the strongest off his feet.

There was scarcely an attempt to disarm him, for the men were swept like wind-blown straws before the blinding impact of the smoking stream. In an incredibly short time the crowded space was clear. The men had been literally washed overboard and were clinging to the scattered piles. Again the stream shot over their heads, and Jerry shouted, "Just as soon as you see fit to obey orders, I'll stop!" Then the flood descended again.

But it was soon over. Clarke, Jones and Sims, the ringleaders, began to swim toward the lighter, and the others were not far behind. It was a badly shaken lot of men that Jerry looked down upon, and, though they did not know it, he himself was all aquiver. A few days later he was able to report that the stringers were in place, and that all the work was going rapidly forward.

"How in the wuruld did ye do it?" asked Maginnis.

"Water power," said Jerry.

It was indeed true; and Jerry was "vice president" of the yard from that day.

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ALWAYS SLEEPY

LESS serious in its results on health and less distressing than insomnia, its opposite, morbid somnolence is nevertheless a trying condition, for it is likely to interfere sadly with the performance of the daily duties. In its minor degrees the sleepy state comes on only in the evening. Many persons who have household or office work to engage their attention during the day are able to attend to it perfectly well, but immediately after the evening meal when they sit down to read or to study they begin to nod and soon fall asleep. That is the common form of the trouble, but there are other degrees up to a stupor almost like that which occurs in epidemic meningitis, popularly called "sleeping sickness."

The causes of evening somnolence are numerous. The most common is probably want of sufficient interest in what you are doing. For example, a person who is always sleepy in the evening would be very likely—at least so we hope—to keep awake long enough to read this article through, though he might fall asleep over an article about the Federal Reserve Board. Another frequent cause is too hearty a meal at night; when that is the case the heaviest meal should be eaten at midday, and at night a cup of tea with a little bread and jam or crackers and cheese should suffice. Or chronic auto-intoxication may be at the root of the trouble. The general health may be at fault; the patient may be so anæmic, for example, that the brain does not receive enough blood. Or the condition may be the direct result of overwork; the available energy may be exhausted by the end of the day. Furthermore, many people do not give themselves long enough time in bed. The amount of sleep needed varies, but as a rule seven or eight hours are necessary, and nature will exact them.

Sometimes the tendency to drop asleep may be conquered by jumping up at the first nod and walking about the room. Or sleep may be warded off for an hour or two by drinking a cup of tea or coffee without milk or cream. If those simple measures bring no relief, the family physician should be consulted, for there may be some general morbid state that needs correction.

THE HONOR OF IT

AND now for little Jeffy!" Betty Andrews remarked lightly, slipping the paper into her typewriter.

The girl at the next machine looked up. "I wish you wouldn't, Betty," she pleaded.

Betty lifted her pretty eyes. "Wouldn't what?"

Molly Haven flushed. "It doesn't seem honorable to speak of Mr. Jeffries that way when you're working for him."

It was Betty's turn to color. "Molly," she demanded angrily, "don't I do good work?"

"Of course you do!"

"Better than nine tenths of the girls Jeffy would be very likely to get?"

"Perhaps so," Molly replied.

"Don't I earn every cent I'm paid?"

"Yes," Molly replied unsmilingly.

"Well, then! Betty's voice was triumphant.

"I still say it," Molly insisted. "Don't you see, Betty? A job isn't just a matter of doing certain things well; it's a matter of honor too. It doesn't seem courteous or honorable"—she stuck to the word—"to make fun of the man you're working for. It's the kind of thing men wouldn't do—at least not the men I'm acquainted with."

"Whence all this wisdom about men?" Betty asked mockingly. "In the first place he'll never know it, and in the second I guess he'd live through it if he did. My stars, how do you get through life with such a conscience?"

Mr. Jeffries came in just then with a handful of fresh work. At five o'clock Betty went off with Will Fraser, a young architect in the next office. Molly on her way home alone wondered whether she hadn't been too severe with Betty. Then her chin lifted. "I know I'm right!" she declared.

Three weeks later she was astonished to find a new girl in Betty's place; and the next morning she happened to meet Betty on the street.

"Some friend of Jeffy's overheard me talking about him and told Jeffy," the girl explained with a little laugh. "He went up in the air. Said it gave people a false idea of something or other—I

don't know what. Gave me two weeks' notice, and I walked straight into Tasker & Manning's and got a place at three dollars a week more! Wouldn't Jeffy be angry if he knew?"

Molly shook her head. "No. He wouldn't care about that. It was the honor of it. O Betty, don't you understand?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Betty.

A PIG WORTH HAVING

THE famous pointing sow Slut, whose history is told in the old Cyclopaedia of Sport, was a truly remarkable animal. When young she had a nose superior to most pointers, would run as well as the best and would retrieve birds that had run. When ten years old she would set game as well as ever, though naturally she had become slothful, for her weight approached seven hundred pounds.

Slut was raised in the New Forest, England, and was taken in hand for training by Thomas and Richard Toomer, her owners, when she was about eighteen months old. In the course of the first day she answered to her name; within a fortnight she would find and point partridges and rabbits. She "stood" partridges, black game, pheasants, snipe and rabbits in the same day, but was never known to point a hare. Her pace was mostly a trot; she galloped rarely and only when her master's whistle summoned her. She seemed as pleased as a dog when she was shown a gun and was delighted when game, dead or alive, was placed before her. The two Toomers lived about seven miles apart. Many times Slut went by herself from one lodge to the other, apparently hoping to be taken out shooting.

Dogs did not like to hunt with her and in consequence did not often accompany her. When she joined them by accident in the forest she would back them whenever they pointed, but they refused to back her until spoken to.

THE BROTHER OF A POET

THE poet John Greenleaf Whittier, writes a contributor, had a brother, Matthew Franklin Whittier, who was nearly five years younger than himself. When at an early age the poet had begun to make a reputation Mrs. Whittier wondered whether her younger boy also might not have literary talent; so she talked with "Frank," as he often was called, and asked him if he was sure that he could not write poetry. Matthew Franklin was quite sure that there was no "spark of genius" in his make-up, but he said that he was willing to try to write something if his mother would furnish a subject. That most helpful mother, Abigail Hussey Whittier, did her part, and we give below the subject and the result of the effort:

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN

They took old Daniel by the heels
And boldly threw him in;
And all the lions then
Began—to grin.
But Daniel mustered stoutly up;
His courage did not fail;
He cuffed the lions on their ears
And pulled them by their tails.

The good mother did not call the attempt successful, but it is true that later in life at the time of the Civil War this brother of a poet wrote a number of humorous letters for the press over the signature "Ethan Spike of Hornby," satirizing the doings of the proslavery politicians.

"SKYROCKETING" THE PRICE OF CHAIRS

EVERYONE knows how exorbitant the prices of genuine antique furniture frequently are. The purchasers are generally rich and don't often dispute the price, and the supply is rarely equal to the demand. In a recent court case, says London Opinion, a witness who was a furniture dealer testified as follows:

"In October, 1920, I went to Sudbury Hall, Lord Vernon's place in Derbyshire, to bring to town ten Chippendale chairs and two settees that we had bought. In a few days we sold them to Messrs. Dighton."

"What did you pay for them?" asked the examining lawyer.

"About six hundred pounds."

"How long was it before you sold them to Messrs. Dighton?"

"About six weeks."

"For how much?"

"One thousand four hundred pounds."

"And then they were sold to Mr. Shrager for three thousand pounds! What do you suppose Lord Vernon would think of that—a profit of two thousand four hundred pounds the dealers made out of his chairs in a few weeks?"

What indeed!

A PERFECT EXCUSE

NURSE was bringing little Betty home from a party and took her hand to help her up a high curbstone.

"Good gracious, Betty," she cried, "how sticky your hands are!"

"So would yours be," replied Betty serenely, "if you had two meringues and a chocolate éclair in your muff."



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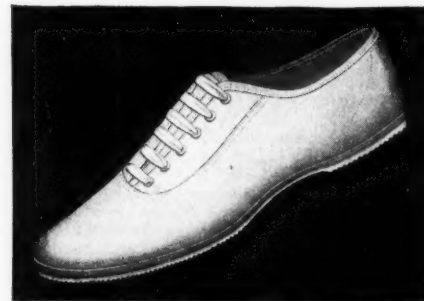
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